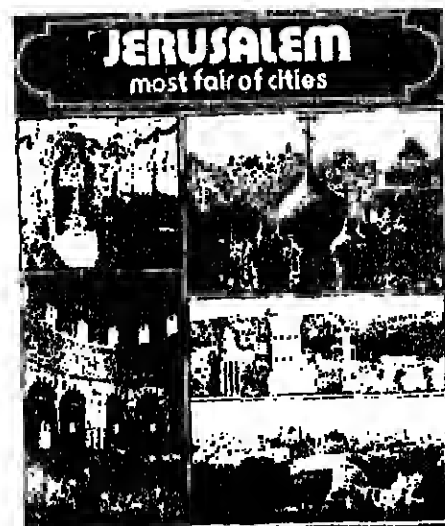


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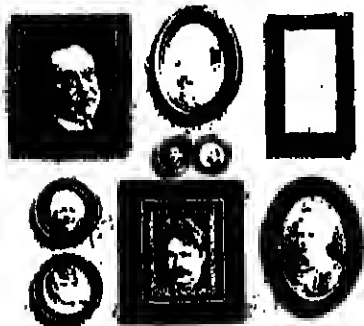


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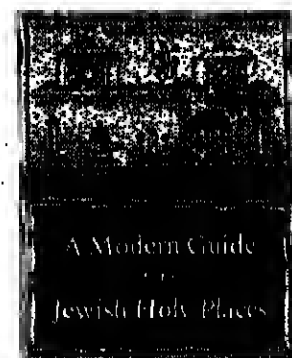
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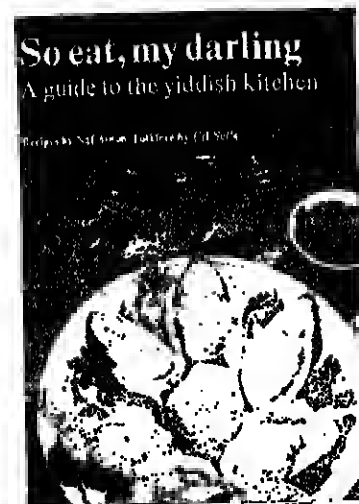
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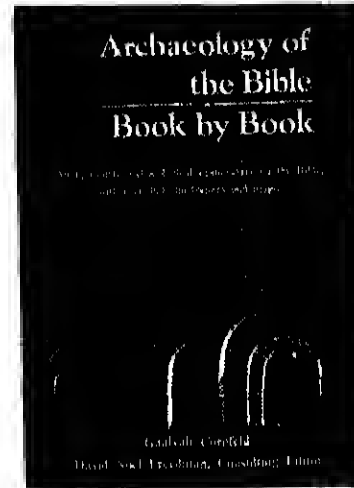
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DECEMBER 1981. Thirteen-year-old Yoel Carmeli skips out the front door of his home in Givat Shmuel to knock around with friends down the street. He never comes back.

FEBRUARY 1982. Eleven-year-old Nava Elimelech of Bat Yam drops out of sight. Parts of her body turn up a week later, scattered along a Herzliya beach in plastic bags. Nobody, except perhaps former chief of staff Rafael Eitan, knows what happened, and he doesn't tell all. He only says that a Gaza Arab killed her as part of his initiation into a local terror group. The police push-pooch the idea. Interior Minister Yosef Burg claims that he has no information on the subject. "I know what I'm talking about," insists Eitan, and says no more.

AUGUST 1982. Fourteen-year-old David Strikovsky of Bat Yam heads for the beach. He never comes back.

FEBRUARY 1983. Yisrael Sofer of Jaffa, 13, goes out to play. By night-fall, it's too late. His brother goes out into the rain but can't find him.

JULY 1983. Sixteen-year-old Rachel Elbedas of Holon leaves work to make a few purchases. She never comes back.

These youngsters, say the police, don't have much in common. But what they do share should start alarm bells ringing for attractive, pre- and early teenagers from the suburbs south of metropolitan Tel Aviv.

According to Alignment MK Raphael Edri, the Israel Police get about 3,500 notifications of missing people a year — half of them children and teenagers. About 35 remain missing after a 12-month period.

The hardened American city dweller could live with these statistics. Thousands of kids disappear in the U.S. each year. Most, owing to the work of police units singularly dedicated to finding them, turn up one way or another, either as runaways or fatalities. Israel, however, isn't the U.S. It's much smaller. And because it's so small, and Jewish to boot, we like to think we genuinely care about what happens to our neighbours. People die in wars, on the roads, and due to natural causes. They do not just fall off the edge of the earth — not if they're children.

THE DISAPPEARANCES don't make any sense, but they go on. And the combined efforts of parents, police, army and assorted parapsychologists, rabbis and fortune-tellers lead to nothing. The only ones who haven't given up hope — who aren't even permitted to mourn their young — are the parents.

The police are stumped. They haven't closed the files on the children, but they aren't actively looking for them either. "I assure you," states Tel Aviv district police spokesman Adi Gonen, "that we investigated each incident in the most intense way and to the best of our ability. But they're still a total mystery."

The parents aren't at all satisfied that this is the case. And they are particularly incensed at what they feel are police attempts to dismiss the disappearances as functions of purely personal and objective circumstances. Yoel Carmeli's father, Reuven, claims the police insist his boy was autistic. "It's not true and it isn't even relevant," he says. "He suffered from bouts of epilepsy,

which hardly explains his disappearance."

David Strikovsky was last seen walking along the beach in a bathing suit. The police claim he drowned. His father, Yechiel, isn't buying it. "So where's the body?" he asks bitterly. "I spoke to experienced frogmen, and they claim these things don't happen. They say that after a year, the body should have floated in."

Police spokesman Gonen agrees. "In 99 per cent of drownings, the bodies do emerge. But there have been cases where the opposite occurred. Maybe he got tangled up in plants, or was eaten by a shark, or simply decayed and fell apart."

Yisrael Sofer was an adopted child. "The police say he ran away, or was perhaps kidnapped by his natural mother. So where is he? What right do they have to make such statements? Does this absolve them from finding my son?" asks Mrs. Sofer.

Soon after the disappearance of Rachel Elbedas from Holon, the police insisted that she had run away. "I don't want to go into details," says Gonen, "but there are problems in that family. In fact, one of her relatives claimed to have seen her in an Arab village, and she ran away when called. The Elbedas case is in no way connected to the others."

"You'd think," says a former police investigator, "that the entire country would be in a panic. But nobody, and least of all the police, whom I know from long experience are interested only in closing files as quickly as possible, gives a damn. I'll tell you one thing, though. If this happened to the child of a prominent personality, God forbid, they'd have every General Security agent and his cousin out on the trail for as long as it took."

WE MET with the parents of the children. They are a stricken lot, almost paralysed by pain. Only Strikovsky, a musty worker by trade, has the stamina and composure to tell at length. Not a wealthy man, he bought a car so he could continue to push whoever might be pushed to find his son. Recently, he drew attention to his plight by protesting outside the National Police Headquarters in Jerusalem. "The media are sick to death of the whole subject," he complains. "What else can I do?"

Strikovsky has also hired private detectives, parapsychologists, and astrologers to help him. No alternative is too weird. "But the police throw up their hands in defeat," he says.

"This thing tears us all up," insists Gonen. "But whatever we could do has been done. You don't expect me to argue with these people, do you? They've been hit by catastrophe. Believe me, I understand them."

"I don't want their understanding," complains Strikovsky. "I don't care if they're prepared to have me break their office tables and won't arrest me when I scream and pound. I want them to get out and look for David!"

Reuven Carmeli tells a strange story that he claims the police haven't bothered investigating. About six months before his son vanished, he had been hit by a car whose driver escaped. The police traced the driver to his home town and discovered that he was a known criminal. Although Yoel had only been lightly injured, the driver was arrested, and charges were pressed.

"That's when I began to receive threats from various people against my children," says Carmeli. "So I begged the police to drop the case,



The police have not closed the files on Yoel Carmeli, David Strikovsky and Yisrael Sofer. But they admit that the disappearances of the three teenagers, from the southern suburbs of Tel Aviv, are a 'total mystery' to them, while the boys' parents are not satisfied that everything possible has been done. SHELDON TEITELBAUM and ZVI ZWEIFENBERG report.



(Above) Yechiel Strikovsky and his son David, missing since August 1982. (Below) Dina Sofer and Yisrael, missing since February 1983. (Bottom) Reuven Carmeli and his son Yoel, missing almost two years.



and they refused. The guy was fined a lot of money. Three months later, Yoel came home complaining that the driver had dropped by his school yard, and had tried to entice him into his car. Yoel ran home, but when I told the police the story, they refused to believe the word of a

boy. Three months later he disappeared. Do you want to tell me that's a coincidence?"

We asked police spokesman Gonen whether his people had looked into the incident. Gonen refused to comment specifically on this incident — he himself doesn't know anything about it. "But anything remotely connected with the case was certainly checked," he said. He then implied that Carmeli's judgement may have been impaired by his recent trauma, and said that the police could hardly investigate every crank lead.

"The fact is," says Mrs. Sofer, "that nobody cares about us or our children. If they did, people would be in a panic. Instead, we're treated as if we have some kind of disease."

"THE POLICE," says Gonen, "are not an insurance company. We haven't been able to solve the cases of the missing children. Policemen don't always solve murder investigations either. But rather than judge us by the outcome, you have to judge us by what we've done."

He maintains that quite a bit has in fact been done. In the cases of Nava Elimelech and David Strikovsky, special investigatory teams were set up. "And we were supported by large-scale army and border police searches, as well as various experts. Neither time nor money was spared. We even sent some of our people abroad to track down leads and advice. Every piece of information — the least likely suggestion — was checked out."

Yechiel Strikovsky disagrees: "I happen to know, for instance, that they never checked with the people who rented chairs or sold ice cream at the beach that day."

Strikovsky has pressed for a special Knesset investigatory committee to be set up, to no avail. After sending a letter to former premier Menachem Begin, he received a letter from the office of Interior Minister Yosef Burg which didn't relate to his own request. "Instead," Burg expressed his sorrow, and noted that his people had seen us on this date and that. None of it was true."

Strikovsky is appalled that, although a committee now exists to establish who killed — or rather, who didn't kill — Haim Arlosoroff 50 years ago, the missing children don't rate one of their own. "When MK Rafi Edri proposed such a committee in the Knesset," he recalls, "Burg had it removed from the order of the day. Why? Because finding the children isn't high on anyone's list of priorities."

In the course of our interviews, we met a former senior police investigator who has been in constant touch with Strikovsky. During the late '70s, this investigator, whom we'll call Gratz, worked under Tzitzav Binyamin Segal, a police troubleshooter currently in charge of the elite "white-collar crime" investigative unit.

Gratz is currently persona non grata with the Israel police, owing, he claims, to a 500-page report he compiled on corruption, bribery, and smuggling in the country's customs authority.

Earlier this summer, Gratz approached Strikovsky and offered to spend his summer vacation looking for his son on a voluntary basis. "But I needed the file on the boy before I could begin."

Strikovsky then put the request to the police. "But when I mentioned Gratz," he says, "they laughed. 'You'd better stay away from him, they told me.'"

(Continued on page 4)

BLANCHE and Julius Levinkind are searching for their 20-year-old son Norman, who has been missing in Israel for nearly six weeks.

"We came to this country from London for Rosh Hashana and a family bar mitzva," Blanche said in her brother Ed's home near Petah Tikva. "My father was also here, from South Africa, so it was a reunion. We left on September 13 and Norman was to have returned exactly a week later."

Ed Shlur remembers that morning well. Norman, with back-pack and hiking equipment, as well as money, a youth hostel card and a student card, left the house on Moshav Idanin at 8.30 a.m. and walked to the main road to catch a bus in Jerusalem. He wanted to buy maps before going off to hike near Ein Gedi and the Sea of Galilee, two days in each area.

Norman made it to the Government Map Office in Jerusalem that morning sometime before it closed at 12.30. Private detectives investigating the case saw the receipt for two maps and interviewed the people who bought maps at the same time. Yes, they remember seeing him. No, they don't know where he went from there.

Detectives called at all the restaurants in the area in case he ate a meal before moving on ("Norman liked his food"), but with no success. All the youth hostels, cheap hotels and even religious institutions which put up students for the night have been checked in the Jerusalem area. Stores, supermarkets, banks and even nearby settlements have been thoroughly checked. Apparently nobody has seen Norman Levinkind since the

The search for Norman Levinkind

The Post's LIORA MORIEL meets the parents of a 20-year-old tourist who vanished two months ago.

moment he stepped out of the Government Map Office on Tuesday, September 13.

WITH REMARKABLE composure and impressive logic and determination, Norman's anxious parents, who have returned to Israel to take part in the search, have gone through each case-book possibility and found it flawed. Norman did not need to run away from home, as he shared a flat with friends in London, where he was studying medicine. His postcard to his flatmates, sent just before his disappearance, was witty and friendly. He expected to see them again soon. Also, it was a fortnight before university resumed (on October 3), and so he could have planned to stay on for two weeks in Israel after his parents left. But he preferred to take only one week's holiday so that he could return to London to prepare for his studies, at which he always excelled.

Did he perhaps decide to let his hair grow and become a beach bum? Just on the off-chance that "Norman" had decided to run wild, an army officer and two teenagers combed Eilat and

its beaches, hostels and hangouts thoroughly. But they couldn't find anybody who had seen him.

Did he perhaps cross the border into Egypt or Jordan? The British consul checked with the authorities in both countries, as well as with the Egyptian consul in Eilat, but without success. As far as the border police computer in Israel is concerned, Norman did not leave the country.

Norman was carrying a valid British passport. His grandfather had his plane ticket back to London.

Norman loved his grandfather, relatives say. He was planning to visit him during the winter vacation. So why run away now?

His parents are so obviously worried and open that the idea of Norman making an undercover exit seems absurd.

DID HE get involved with a cult, perhaps? With *haredim*? Arabs? This, too, is "quite out of character for Norman." He was not religiously inclined, although "he was a great debater."

He may have entered into discussion with anyone on any topic, but



for him to don a *kippa* or shave his head or start meditating — this is not Norman as any of his relatives and friends know him.

Advertisements carrying his picture and even, recently, offering a reward, have been inserted at the family's expense in the local English, Hebrew and Arabic newspapers. Nobody has actually seen Norman, although some have reported seeing other strangers, some totally different (one, for instance, had a tattoo on his hand). All leads have been thoroughly investigated, none have led anywhere except back to square one: the map office in Jerusalem.

"We've had tremendous support from family, friends and even strangers," Blanche said. Hospital computers have been checked, emergency rooms alerted.

The police have been helpful and kind on a personal level, but the police as police have been far from effective. They have been unable to help because they have no idea where to begin and have no manpower to spare for private grief. "If it's a case of a hiker going to a certain place and then disappearing

while on a hike, we search the place intensely and find him within 48 hours," one high-ranking police officer explained. "In this case, we have no clues as to where he actually hiked and we cannot comb the entire country."

SO BLANCHE and Julius and Ed and others who love Norman have hired private detectives and a helicopter. They have organized search parties. They have racked their brains and memories for ideas, clues, threads and snippets which might get them beyond the map office and onto something. A private search for a private individual.

Norman's parents cannot tolerate the shadows of uncertainty. They must know what happened to their son after he left the Government Map Office September 13. "We appeal to anyone who travelled out of Jerusalem on Tuesday or Wednesday, September 13-14. We appeal to any bank clerk in any town who may have cashed a traveller's check for Norman. He had only small denominations, of \$10 and \$20."

The last checks cleared were those he cashed in the presence of his mother two days before his disappearance. He had \$30 in shekels when last seen.

Blanche and Julius Levinkind are launching an all-out campaign in all the media to get their son's picture into the public's consciousness. They point out that, in the meantime, Norman may have sprouted a beard, a thin beard, as he is not hairy. Whatever the information, they want it. Those for whom the photograph rings a bell are asked to telephone 052-20524 or the nearest police station.

(Continued from page 3)

"Look," says police spokesman Gonen. "We know all about Gratz. I don't want to go into the details, but the man has a long-standing grudge against the police. We just don't turn over our files to people like him. In the first place, while there was some basis to his customs investigation, he included a great deal of conjecture, and even fantasy. Secondly, he has an arrest record. And thirdly, we're not prepared to deal on this level with someone who is blatantly out to get us. We get enough criticism as it is. If Gratz wants to investigate the Stikovsky case, by all means. We'll be glad to help him. But we won't give him our files."

Gratz suspects a cover-up by the police. "They're afraid I'll find out they made a series of blunders during their investigations, and that I'll publicize them. I'll even wager this is why they refuse to turn to the General Security Service for help. They're embarrassed."

In fact, we learned through various sources that the police did indeed turn to the GSS for help. "They didn't turn up a thing," says one official. "And if they got nowhere, how do you expect the police to get to the bottom of the disappearances?"

The police are interested in one thing, says Gratz, "and that's to come out looking good. They'd much rather solve the easy cases than knock their heads against the wall looking for the children. And to be honest, they don't know how to conduct a proper investigation. Their methods are primitive and brutal. You can't shoot from the hip in things like this — you have to use your head. For one thing, the police should have turned the case over to one of the few top investigators in

the country, and insisted that the man stays on the case until he finds the kids, even if it takes 10 years. Instead, they probably take an officer off the case every few months because of more pressing matters."

Another former police investigator now working as a private detective, agrees with Gratz's assessment. "When Yossie Shumocher disappeared, Isser Harel devoted his entire Mossad staff to relocating the boy. If Rafal says terrorists killed Nava, the Mossad and the GSS should be looking for a terror ring. It's just too big for the police."

"I refuse to relate to any of Gratz's charges outside of rejecting them entirely," says Gonen. "The man is not to be trusted."

"THE POLICE," insists Tel Aviv district police chief Avraham Turgeman, "are not a welfare agency." The families of the missing children have, in their sorrow, no choice but to agree.

Mill Sofer, Yisrael's 21-year-old sister, recalls the period immediately following her brother's disappearance: "During the first few weeks, we were flooded with visits from high-ranking officers. But then everyone vanished. Now they only call once in a long while to ask if we've heard anything. They have to ask us."

"I didn't hear from the police for a period of eight months," complains Rouven Carmeli. "If I don't call them, they don't call me. And what was worse, a day after Yoel dropped from sight, the investigators were taken off the case because of a demonstration at the Tel Aviv stock market."

"Of course we care about the families," says Gonen. "And in the case of Nava and David Strikovsky, our people, including a police psychiatrist, were in constant touch

with them. But our job isn't to treat them on a social basis. There are existing institutions that do that."

As it happens, there is only one person doing that in the area, and her concern has caused her more grief than that incurred sharing the miseries of others. Miriam Handelman, a 43-year-old Bat Yam social worker, has spent the last three years on the juvenile squad, operating under the auspices of the Ministry of Justice. Because minors are forbidden to appear in court, Handelman must question them and speak for them in court.

Miriam became involved with the families of the missing children at the request of the police during the Elimelech disappearance. She volunteered to take on the others, believing them to be lacking the kind of social care they so desperately need. And in the course of her association with these "cases," she has become an outspoken critic of police procedures. Worse, she has criticized her fellow social workers, accusing them of laziness and ineptitude, complacency and, finally, apathy.

We called Handelman at her home and asked for an interview. She informed us that her superiors in the Justice Ministry had forbidden her to talk to the press. So we approached her friends and associates and tried to piece together her story.

We learned that, after she gave several interviews to the press in which she was highly critical of her peers, a special council in her department convened to charge her with unethical behaviour.

The arguments in this hearing had a great deal to do with ethics. But whose ethics should have been examined? According to Handelman, although over 130 juvenile investigators draw pay checks, few

even actually bothered to visit the homes of assaulted children, preferring instead to push paper and take tea breaks. After a six-year-old girl was molested about 18 months ago, and the culprit, a neighbouring teenager, had been identified, it took months before the family heard from anyone. Finally, Handelman was sent, after she discovered the file and learned that an official had simply forgotten to deal with it.

Handelman says there have been over 40 reported cases of child molestation in the Bat Yam area alone during the last two years — the rate is now about eight a month. "Our problem," says Gonen, "is that we're not allowed to speak with the children in question. That responsibility has been turned over to the juvenile investigators. Unfortunately, they are not police officers, do not know police work, and often refuse to deal with the cases turned over to them. We can't order them about, and can't act without them. But when we do get testimony, we conduct our own investigations."

Recently, Handelman announced her intention to establish a parents' support centre, honouring the memory of Nova Elimelech. "I am a social worker," she told friends, "and my job is to open my door to whoever comes for help. I'm not unethical — the people who resent this are the ones who should be disarmed."

Turgeman was sharply critical when Handelman's name was brought up. "Miriam Handelman," he stated, "lacks any kind of public authority and doesn't know her own job."

Today, say her friends, Handelman is tired, frightened, and disillusioned. She continues in her efforts to create the support centre,

however, arguing that what she does in her spare time is her own business. "She isn't a saint," says Strikovsky, who is often put off by her domineering behaviour, "but she's all we have. If she shuts her door, we'll all be hurt in the cold."

The Post's Robert Rosenberg adds: At top levels of the police, the problem of the missing children of south Tel Aviv may not be getting much daily attention, but it is getting serious thought.

"I wish I could tell the parents of the children of Holon and Bat Yam," said a senior investigative police source, "that there isn't a black cloud of mystery hanging over their homes. But there are severe limitations on what we are able to do. Our budget has been cut several times, in real terms, over the past few years. We have dozens of jobs we want to fill and don't have the money for."

"And there's no way we can assign a detective to a single case — or even a group of cases and allow him or her to work only on these cases. There's no such thing as an overdrift in personnel, where you hire today and pay tomorrow."

The police have been shortchanged by the Treasury in recent years — and don't even have a minister who is devoted to the development of the force. When questions like those raised by the cases of the missing children are raised, the senior police officials express embarrassment over their inability to say anything other than sorry. They admit that they are frustrated by their lack of manpower, their meagre budgets and their resolute failures.

"Finding those children is our responsibility," said one senior police source. "Providing us with the resources to find them is the minister's responsibility."

הגזן מן האכל



(Above) The St. Simon dress shop: 'Things didn't pick up' after the September slump. (Centre) Edy: much of the cosmetics trade is based on exclusivity. (Right) Rice: money 'tied up' in the bourse.

THE SITE is Kikar Hamedina, State Square, the commercial circle in fashionable north-east Tel Aviv. The street that forms its circumference is Hich B'lyar, the date on which the State of Israel was declared 35 years ago. It is the address of shops with such indigenous names as Danah Pins, Boom, and Godiva. The only shop the founding fathers may have approved of is a natural-foods emporium called Garden of Eden. But there they sell Kellogg's Frosties.

However, the question of the week doesn't concern national values. It's "How's business?" If I can judge by an informal survey of stores, last Friday, it's down by 20 to 30 per cent, which is the scale of the increase in most prices following the recent devaluation of the shekel.

"People look at the prices and run away," said Mira, who's in charge of rainbow stacks of jeans and shirts, mused for fall, downstairs at Boom, the sportswear shop. "The 'little guy' either doesn't buy at all, or buys one shirt instead of two."

As if on cue, a woman came down the stairs and asked the price of a pair of Ronald Sassoon jeans. They were IS3,650.

"Are you kidding?" she said. "I can get them in my neighbourhood for IS2,200. They just didn't have my size. I know this is Kikar Hamedina, but you don't have to go overboard!"

Mira insists that they conform to Sassoon's price list. In general, she says, prices of merchandise went up by about 20 per cent the day after the 23 per cent devaluation. What about the old stock? "It went up by a symbolic amount," she says, with a sideways glance at her co-worker.

Buck upstairs at the cash register, Hezi the boss says he owns four

Kikar Hamedina store has felt the economic pressure more than some of the others. "The people here have a brain for economics — they're all geniuses. It's not like in the provinces. The rich are the first to be hit. The poor don't have the same awareness. They spend."

ACROSS the circle at the Kikar Hamedina Pharmacy, owner Howard Rice has another explanation for the same phenomenon:

"I have a store on Dizengoff. The prices went up 30 per cent, so the cash register shows an intake of 30 per cent more. In this store, sales are down. People have money, but it's all tied up in the stock exchange."

The exchange had been closed for nearly two weeks and no one was willing to risk a prediction as to what would happen when it opened. Whatever was going on, they couldn't recall any development that had cut so deeply into their receipts in the last 10 years or so, which is how long the "old-timers" have been at Kikar Hamedina.

One of the pharmacists Rice employs pointed out another difficulty in tracing shopping trends in the area: the population turnover. "Everyone around here is either about to go abroad or just coming back."

Rice said it's cheaper for him to send his wife to Paris for a few days of shopping — including the price of the plane ticket — than to shop locally. "If travel abroad were more difficult, things would change. Poor people would start buying blue-and-white."

THERE ISN'T too much blue-and-white in Kikar Hamedina.

Lea, the owner of Edy Cosmetics, looked slightly incredulous when

asked if they carried anything by Taya. "We carry Revlon," she said. "That's domestic." She couldn't estimate the drop in sales, but said it was the worst time she remembered in her 10 years on the circle. Much of her business is based on exclusivity, which might help in a pinch. She is the sole importer of Estee Lauder, which she distributes, and her store is the only one in the country that sells the Clinique line. "You have to be a graduate of their school in Milton to sell," she explained.

At Lahit, the nearby record and tape store, Yehode Baum was also hoping his specialities would pull him through. "We try to keep a supply of old records that are hard to find," he said. He also sells laser discs, for which there's been "some demand, but not masses."

Like most of the shop-owners, he jumped at the chance of a little promotion. "People don't just come for the merchandise, they come for the service," he said. "Sure," said a friend who seemed to be talking but not buying. "I tell people 'If you want to spend on petrol and buy half-price, go somewhere else. But if you want good service for double the price, go to Lahit.'"

Baum seemed optimistic. "The Children of Israel are a stiff-necked people," he said, as if that meant they were a nation of hard currency. "Anyway," he concluded, "records still make the cheapest gifts."

A SEDATE dress shop called St. Simon has white cardboard flamingoes in its show-window, which bears the words "Los Angeles — New York — Tel Aviv" stencilled in gold.

"September is usually a quiet month, in between seasons," said Ruthe, the owner "and then things

The high side of austerity

They're not yet tightening their Gucci belts at Kikar Hamedina. But that may be because many of the regular clients in the North Tel Aviv shopping centre are 'either about to go abroad or just coming back.' The Post's MARSHA POMERANTZ reports.



pick up. But this year, things didn't pick up. The prices went up — both domestic and imported merchandise, by 25 to 30 per cent — and people got scared."

"Don't they usually get used to new prices after a while?" "This time it's not just the prices," she said. "It's the whole situation. There's a lot of tension." "It all depends on how much they tighten their belts," said Mr. Leshem, the father of the owner, at Godiva, and gave me a free chocolate "iceberg." Fortunately, I wasn't wearing a belt.

The shop was full of Limoges porcelain and Bohemian crystal, carefully-stocked chocolates and fruit-shaped nuzipap. It was empty of customers.

A kilo of what I ate costs more than those Sassoon jeans at Boom and doesn't last nearly as long.

BOOKS, surely, aren't a luxury, but the owner of Alina's Book Shop recalls wistfully when customers used to leave the store with "a stack of a dozen."

Now, book prices go up regularly once a month; imports went up by 25 to 30 per cent automatically after the devaluation. She is furious with some of the Hebrew publishers for what she says are inflated prices, and with Steimatzky for their control of imports of foreign-language books. Despite their high prices, imported paperbacks are now cheaper than Hebrew books — which was never the case five or six years ago.

"I have to go over the price on every book in the store once a month," says Alina Friedlander. Why doesn't she just let her them and post a price-key?

"Ha," is the reply. "If all the publishers used the same alphabetical key it would be all right. But each one has a different

price for each letter." She points to five price lists she has posted, and then pulls out a loose-leaf file full of gaily-coloured sheets. "The distributors have a computer for this, but I don't. And some of the Hebrew publishers announce price rises over the phone. But if I tell you, the customer, that a book costs IS1,000, I have to be able to show you the price in a catalogue."

SHLOMI SITON sits among his nuts and grain and ginseng and Frosties — in paradise — and says people are confused. Last week, after the devaluation, there was an onslaught of customers finishing off the old stock and now it's relatively quiet.

"Then they paid in cash. This week they're paying in cheques." No, none of the cheques has bounced yet. "But some people pay in dollars. They blush a little. They say 'Sorry, I just got back from abroad and didn't manage to get to the bank.'"

He's not letting the confusion get him down.

"This is still the best country in the world," he says. "Look how well we live. True, we can't live in a bubble. So we'll cut down a little."

He pines for with banana chips, an Izmir fig, aogars gum. So this is the Garden of Eden. And where's the tree of knowledge?

"Here," he says, pointing to himself.

But there are a few things he probably doesn't know. Like who will buy the Italian ostrich leather shoes in the window of Azouri, marked at IS47,890. Or what will happen to the old woman who sits with her dog on a nearby bench, and stealthily pulls from her purse the home-made pin cushions she sells for IS30 each.

Mixed advantages

Educational problems are not socio-economic or geographic any more, learns The Jerusalem Post's SUSAN BELLOS. In the second of two articles on the school reform, she visits a Jerusalem junior high with a very varied student population.



"It's those villa kids who are in trouble. I mean the ones whose fathers made money as building contractors over the past seven years and are set on their boys ending up as engineers or architects. The kids are in trouble because they can't do well on academic subjects, because their parents couldn't or didn't give them time and attention when they were little" — teacher at the René Cassin School, Ramat Eshkol, Jerusalem.

"I believe in integration and comprehensive schools. But my kid had a very rough time last year because she was the only Ashkenazi girl in the class. She didn't like being called an 'Ashkenazi' and she felt very isolated" — parent at René Cassin.

RENÉ CASSIN is a large secondary and junior high school. With its 1,200 junior high pupils out of a total student body of 2,000, it is one of Jerusalem's big three combined secondary and junior highs. It's also been regarded, to some extent, as a showplace of ethnic and social integration among Jerusalem's secular Jewish population.

But the school has problems, not only in the mixing of different children in the same classrooms, but in how they all learn together; not only in terms of what is demanded by the school curriculum, but also

what is demanded by the parents — and, in the eyes of some parents, what is not demanded by the school.

Ditta Salmon, in her early thirties, is a very young acting high school principal by Israeli standards. More accurately she is an acting Principal, filling in for Yehzekel Oubbi, who is on Sabbatical. She seems to be widely respected by the staff for her energy and intelligence and is very popular indeed among the high school students. But she is also known as an authoritarian personality. She keeps me waiting for a good 10 minutes and comes in briskly without any explanation or apology.

Sensibly attired in pinks and shirt, Salmon looks very much the tough cookie. I begin to wonder how parents, especially those without lashings of middle-class aplomb, cope with her. I also wonder how the teachers manage. Only one of them is permitted to speak to me "on the record."

The students at the junior high are drawn from French Hill, Shmuel Hanavi, Ramat Eshkol, Neve Yu'aeon and Ma'alot Dafna. Only Shmuel Hanavi is an entirely working-class Oriental Jewish neighbourhood, the others are middle class when this is defined in terms of family income.

However, as Salmon points out, "we have educationally disadvantaged children from middle-class homes, while some children of primitive parents do very well academically."

I raise my eyebrows at this word uttered in one of Israel's more democratic educational institutions, and Salmon says quickly: "Well, what you might call primitive." What she means, apparently, is Shmuel Hanavi parents.

BUT ALTHOUGH 50 per cent of the junior high population is of Oriental origin, the school is quite middle class. Many of the children come from what in Israeli terms are moneyed homes.

The shopping centre at Ramat Eshkol has a bookshop that is well stocked with children's literature in Hebrew but has a very poor Hebrew selection for adults. The centre also comprises three fancy-gift shops, a florist, a video games store, a sports shop, three bustling banks, an expensive children's outfitter, and a liquor store.

As a veteran teacher at Ramat Eshkol's elementary Yeh Hamore said to me: "The kids in the shops here seem to have all the money in the world to spend. But it's a case of parents giving their children money

rather than time, so it's not surprising that our school too has middle-class *tenet tipuah* (educationally disadvantaged, or in need of fostering)."

I AM puzzled by the frequent use of the term *tenet tipuah*, since the Ministry of Education still defines an educationally disadvantaged child as one whose father was born in North Africa or Asia (and didn't study beyond eighth grade) and who is one of at least four children. But local teachers don't seem to use this definition at all.

What Ditta Salmon has to say is this: *Tenet tipuah* are children who are poor in language and math and can't cope with academic subjects.

The Yeh Hamore teacher is more specific: "I mean Ramat Eshkol children from moneyed homes who think only in literal, concrete terms and find abstract ideas very difficult." These children, she adds, are often "very nice indeed. But they can't take any kind of intellectual responsibility, that is, think independently. They are the children whose mums and dads didn't take them to the zoo when they were toddlers, or tell them stories or rhymes or point out pictures in books. Today, they can't cope with metaphors and analogies."

AT RENÉ CASSIN, approximately 30 per cent are disadvantaged in the junior high level, if they are defined in learning terms. One teacher who has worked very closely with the school for some years, and would like to be referred to as Yael, said: "Educational disadvantage isn't socio-economic or geographic any more. Here it means children who come from homes where there aren't any books and where the parents and the children don't talk to each other. There may be stacks of new toys on the children's shelves but they often remain there and aren't played with. Sometimes the mother or the father may have studied, but you don't see them playing with their children very often."

"Ramat Eshkol worries me. Sometimes families have shot up economically because they are able, enterprising people and their children are usually intelligent. Given the facilities that a school such as René Cassin has to offer, they will do well. But other families have done well because lots of people have made easy money under the Likud and it very often isn't the result of either brains or character. Their children, and we have them at René Cassin, are in real trouble because their parents don't want

them to be stall-holders or taxi drivers."

Ditta Salmon: "We have parents who spend vast sums of money on private lessons for their children, but it doesn't help. Some kids just aren't academic."

SALMON and her staff seem to be keenly aware of this new class of poor learners and efforts are being made to tackle the problem. Although there are 40 in a class at the junior high, each class is assigned a guidance counsellor who will stick with the same children for three years. The class teacher teaches them 10 hours a week, which is the same as in the last grade in some elementary schools, and five times as much as at secondary school. And because the staff is aware of the dangers of anonymity in such a large school, the seventh grade, or the first year of junior high, study in a separate cluster of huts. According to Zehava Frankel, the junior high principal, "this makes them feel less lost."

PERHAPS even more important is the fact that some of the teachers have had special training on how to teach "heterogeneous classes," which include children with very



different abilities. At René Cassin, teachers have had this training in natural science and literature. But there is streaming in both math and English classes, even though this goes against the Ministry of Education's stated policy on the school reform.

There are some warm human touches at the school. For instance, 60 per cent of the 10th graders do volunteer work tutoring younger pupils — and this is not for extra hugrut points as in some other secondary schools. Also, there is a contingent of physically disabled pupils, and serious attempts are made to help them take part in the school's social activities. "Nonetheless, there are parents who complain that René Cassin 'is like a factory,' huge and noisy, not the kind of place where a sensitive child might flourish."

THE ANONYMOUS parent quoted earlier had this to say about the school atmosphere: "No serious attempts are made to raise cultural levels and kids throw chairs around during the breaks. Last year a boy nearly lost an eye when this happened. I asked my daughter how the teachers dealt with the situation. There wasn't even a school assembly afterwards to discuss the

(Above) One of the well-equipped labs. (Below) Outdoor togetherness.



problem of violence there. It was just business as usual."

This parent also claimed that there was "middle-class delinquency" at the school. What did she mean by that? "I mean big boys playing truant and smaller children stealing. I know that it's a huge school and it's hard to maintain discipline, and I know that the French Hill kids often behave worse than the Shmuel Hanavi ones. But what worries me is that there just doesn't seem to be an educational atmosphere."

What exactly did she mean?

"I mean that middle class boys who like studying get called *cokehead* (sissy), and there's too much goofing off among the teachers, they tend to clock in and clock off. There's a lot of emphasis on tests and lots of expensive textbooks, but very little discussion of social and ethical issues."

"Last year, due to budget cuts, they dropped an excellent course on sex education. Instead, the class teacher took it upon herself to tell the class all about sex. Lesson one was anatomy and lesson two was contraception. Some of the boys loved it, but many of the girls sat there with their hands over their ears. The teacher never mentioned the connection between sex and love. I know that there are good and gentle teachers at the school, but like the good and gentle children, they often get lost. I would prefer an hour less of math or geography and one more hour devoted to social and ethical issues, such as real sex education."

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Owing to the tremendous response to the first two tours an additional tour has been arranged.

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הכרזה מן האכל

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1

Double feature ticket:
Return of the Jedi 7.30
They Call Me Trinity 9.30
Sun. 10.30
Land of the Kings 6.30, 9.30
Sun. 10.30
Double feature ticket:
Return of the Jedi 6.30
They Call Me Trinity 9.30
Sun. 10.30
Time Bandits 9.30
Days of Heaven 9.30
Sun. 10.30
Time Bandits 9.30
Wed. 10.30
Mabley 6.30, 9.30
Sun. 10.30
Sundance Film, Part 1, 6.45
Sundance Part II, 9.15

EDEN

3rd week
DAMA DO LOTACAO
The Brazilian erotic film by Nelly Dalmida
Sat. 7.9; weekdays 4.7, 9

EDISON

WAR GAMES
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7, 9

ISRAELI MUSEUM

Sat. 8.30, Mon. 10.30, Wed. 10.30
TRON
Tue. 6.30, 8.30, THE ENIGMA OF
BASPARD HAUSER

KFIR

7th week
FLASH DANCE
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7, 9

MITCHELL

2nd week
MERRY CHRISTMAS MR. LAWRENCE
Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9.15

ORGIL

2nd week
J.C. SUPERSTAR
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7, 9

ORION

4th week
He's out there
BLUE THUNDER
Sun. 6.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.7, 9

ORNA

2nd week
A MAN CALLED TRINITY
TERENCE HILL
In a super-villain west film
Saturday 7.9
Weekdays 4.7, 9

RON

3rd week
LOCAL HERO
Sat. 7.9; weekdays 4.7, 9

SEMADAR

BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS
Sat. and weekdays 7.9, 15

SMALL AUDITORIUM

THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT

Saturday and weekdays 7.9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY

MEAT BALLS
Tonight at 10
Sat. and weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN YEHUDA

2nd week
JINXED
KEN WILSHIRE
RIP HORN
Directed by Don Siegel
Tonight 10, 12.15; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BETH HATEPLOT

JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE
10th week
Sun. 5.30, Mon. 8.30
TELL ME A RIDDLE
Tue. 5.30; BEST BOY

CHEN 1

TRADING PLACES
Tonight 9.50, 12.10
Weekdays 4.30, 7.9, 9.30

CHEN 2

13th week
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
Tonight 9.50, 12.10
Sat. 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.9, 9.30

CHEN 3

BLUE THUNDER
Tonight 9.50, 12.10
Sat. 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.9, 9.30

CHEN 4

13th week
CANNERY ROW
Tonight 9.50, 12.15
Sat. 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.9, 9.30
Mon. 10.30, 1.30
Life of Brian

CHEN 5

SOPHIE'S CHOICE
Tonight 10
Sat. 6.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.40, 9.20
Mat. 11.30, 1.30; ANNIE HALL

CINEMA ONE

2nd week
MAD MISSION
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DRIVE-IN

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

Sat. and weekdays at midnight
See Film

ESTHER

4th week
DAMA DO LOTACAO
Sonia Braga
Admits only
Tonight 10
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GAT

8th week
MY FAVOURITE YEAR
PIERCE GUNTER
JESSICA HARTER
MARK LINN BARKER
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

NEW CINEMA

GORDON GITTIA
Ben Yehuda 87, Tel. 244373
Israel Premiere
Sat. 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEPARDEU-VAUDA

DANTON
Tonight 10
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEPARDEU-VAUDA

DANTON
Tonight 10
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

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Tonight 10
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEPARDEU-VAUDA

DANTON
Tonight 10
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MOGRABI

2nd week
David's father bought him a home computer. He's used it to change his high school grades

WAR GAMES

REITZ MULLER
HARRY HOWE
TONY CURRIE
Tonight 10, Sat. 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.9, 9.30

ONLY

2nd week
A DEADLY SUMMER
Sat. 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 4.15, 7.9, 9.30

PARIS

3rd week
NAGUA
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 7.15, 9.30

PEER

3rd week
MERRY CHRISTMAS MR. LAWRENCE
A film by NAGISA OSHIMA
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

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A film by NAGISA OSHIMA
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV

5th week
Tonight at 10.30
Sun. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CONCRETE JUNGLE

TZAVTA
3rd week
3rd time in Israel
Superbman 3-1
Sat. and weekdays 9.30
THE FILM "EIGHTY THREE"

ZAFON

2nd week
TO BEGIN AGAIN
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

2nd week
MAD MISSION
Saturday 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4.45, 9

ARMON

2nd week
WAR GAMES
Sat. 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4.45, 9

ATZMON

Sonia Braga
In an erotic film based on Rodriguez' bestseller
DAMA DO LOTACAO
6.45, 9
Adults only

CHEN

James Bond Festival
Sat. Sun. Mon.
MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN
Tue. Wed. Thur.
THE SPY WHO LOVED ME
Sat. 6.45, 9; weekdays 4.45, 9

GALOR

10, 2, 6
DRAGON FORCE
12, 4, 8
GOLDEN LADY

MORIAH

Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9

ORAH

2nd week
A wonderful, emotional film
BREATHLESS
Saturday 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4.45, 9

ORION

6 nonstop performances
Adults only
RED PANTIES

ONLY

FRITZ THE CAT
Saturday and weekdays 6.45, 9

PEER

6th week
FLASH DANCE
Sat. 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4.45, 9

RON

6th week
First time in Israel
Superbman 3-1
TREASURE OF THE FOUR CROWNS
Sat. 6.45, 9; Weekdays 4.45, 9

SHAVIT

ONE FROM THE HEART
Sat. and weekdays 7.9

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

2nd week
BLUE THUNDER
7.15, 9.30
Mat. 4
NIGHT CROSSING
True story - Walt Disney

LILY

Israel Premiere
CLASS
JACQUELINE BISSET
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

OASIS

TRADING PLACES
Tonight at 10
4.7, 9.15

ORDEA

HIGH ROAD TO CHINA
7.15, 9.30

RAMAT GAN

3rd week
TOOTSIE
DUSTIN HOFFMAN
7.9, 30

HERZLIYA Cinemas

4th week
FRANCES
6.45, 9.30

DAVID

TOOTSIE
4th week
4.7, 9.15, 9

TIFERET

HOLON Cinemas

2nd week
WAR GAMES
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SAVOY

CONCRETE JUNGLE
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.7, 9.15, 9.30

In 1955 a head of state announced that he may introduce the idea of kibbutzim to his country. For which country was this proposed?

A good researcher knows the resources available. The Jerusalem Post Archives is the most complete and detailed source of information in English of events in Mandatory Palestine, Israel and the Middle East over the past fifty years. Microfilm and microfiche from the pages of The Palestine Weekly, The Palestine Bulletin, The Palestine Post and The Jerusalem Post are available to students, scholars, librarians, educators and writers.

For more information write or call The Jerusalem Post Archives, POB 81, Jerusalem, or contact Inter Documentation Company AG, Poststrasse 14, 6300 Zug, Switzerland.

The kibbutz concept was proposed for Burma by its president, U Nu.

DON'T WASTE PRECIOUS NATURAL RESOURCES. SAVE WATER.

THEATRE

(Continued from page A1)

ICARUS - Puppet theatre based on the story by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, about a mythological dream. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

A JEWISH SOUL - By Yehoshua Sobel. (Habimah, Large Hall, Thursday at 6.30 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.)

L.S. DIONYSOS - Written and presented by Nika Nini. (Habimah, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

THE PASSION (PRE-PARADISE SORRY NOW) - Play by Werner Rainer Fassbinder. Directed by Nika Nini. (Habimah, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

PILOTS - Events in the lives of pilots after the occurrence of a dramatic event. A Neve Zedek production. Directed by Yossi Hadar. (Neve Zedek Theatre, tonight at 10 p.m.; tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE RUBBER MERCHANTS - By Hanoch Levin. Produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri Theatre, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

CAIRO, FEBRUARY 78 - (Ariel, tonight)

IDENTITY CARD - Directed by Tzvi Tzarfat. About the life story of Israeli singer Avi Tolkman. (Ramat Hasharon, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

SEEKING an establishment that should be within the means of even the hardest-hitting holder of bank shares, I came upon Pinat Hahumous in Jerusalem's Ben Yehuda pedestrian mall. The restaurant, which is kosher, has a limited but not overly meagre selection of soups, salads and light dishes, with a few meaty items thrown in for good measure.

The decor is utilitarian, with much formica and stainless steel, and spotlessly clean. Service is quick and pleasant and there is even a menu in English with no spelling mistakes.

I felt obliged to open my meal with hummus, served with just a dab of oil and a generous helping of cooked chickpeas on top. Alongside was a small plate of tomato, onion and a generous helping of little green hot peppers.

Although the peppers were hot, they were quite edible, and I had a few. Could it be, as some of my readers have charged, that my palate has become jaded and I crave spicier and spicier dishes?

At any rate, I ought to point out to those who want a healthy, filling meal that hummus, eaten with pita, constitutes a mixture of pulse and grain which result in a complete protein.

My companion tried the eggplant salad, pale and creamy with lots of tahini. It wasn't extraordinary, but it was certainly as good as anything one might get in any of the far more expensive restaurants in the area.

For the main course, I had a stuffed pepper, served up in a sort of thick tomato sauce that invites one to sop it up with lots of pita. The fil-

Back to basics



ling was rice and meat, very well seasoned and perfectly cooked, so the rice was neither hard nor mushy.

My companion had eggplant with meat, a classic dish of the Middle Eastern kitchen, in which vegetable and meat are dipped in egg and flour, fried, and then stewed in tomato sauce. While not fabulously original, it certainly displayed complete competence in the kitchen.

MATTERS OF TASTE

Haim Shapiro

No desserts, or even coffee, were listed on the menu. One could, I suppose, have coffee and cake at one of the many coffee shops along the mall, for rather more than the price of your meal.

than try eggplant with meat. And if your guests are tourists, they will no doubt respond to your efforts with wonder and delight.

Cut as many eggplants as you think you'll need (one or two large ones are usually enough) into thick, unpeeled slices of about two centimetres each. Sprinkle the slices with coarse salt and leave them to drain.

Meanwhile, prepare a mixture of chopped meat (turkey is fine) with an egg, some bread crumbs, garlic, nutmeg, a pinch of cloves and allspice. If you can find it, a touch of rice is especially nice as well.

After about half an hour, rinse and wipe the eggplant slices. Squeeze out the extra moisture and place a patty of meat on each slice. Dip the eggplant and meat in the egg and then flour and fry in hot oil. (You'll find out why some families were hard hit by the steep rise in the price of oil.)

Arrange the fried slices, eggplant side down, in a baking dish. In the pan in which you have fried the eggplant, fry a few cloves of garlic, chopped. When this is just beginning to brown, throw in a handful of chopped parsley. After a few seconds, add a small tin of tomato paste and enough water to form a thin sauce. Add salt and pepper and, if the sauce is bitter, just a pinch of sugar.

Pour the sauce over the eggplant and bake in a medium oven for at least half an hour. This is a dish that can be reheated and kept warm almost indefinitely. If it shows signs of burning or drying out, add a little water and cover with aluminium foil.

Codes of conduct



MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

WHEN CHOIRS and orchestras were confined to churches and intimate chambers, they were directed by the leading musician at the harpsichord or the first violinist, who beat time and indicated emphasis with his bow. Johann Strauss and other *Siehegeiger* continued the practice far into the 19th century; Isaac Stern and Pinhas Zukerman adopted it, following the example of Yehudi Menuhin, Alexander (Sasha) Schneider, Iona Brown and others, who led instrumental ensembles in concertos, while taking the solo part.

As venues and audiences changed, and halls and orchestras became larger, a development, starting towards the end of the 18th century and consolidated during the first half of the 19th, created the new, and exclusive, position of conductor, who replaced the violin bow or stick with a baton.

At first, this change caused consternation and aroused opposition, but the improvement in the orchestra brought about by more intensive rehearsing and authoritative direction soon convinced both musicians and management that it was quite logical and acceptable.

Pioneers were Louis Spohr (1784-1859), Gaspare Spontini (1774-1851), Carl Maria Weber (1786-1826) — who, by the way, held the baton in the middle — and particularly, Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847). Berlioz and Wagner laid down the principles of conducting, turning it into a separate area of musical activity. Various experiments were tried — conducting with a roll of paper; with a long stick, with a short stick; and turning one's back to the orchestra (I) so that the audience could admire the conductor's antics. Later, a conductor allegedly forgot to bring his baton to rehearsal, so he conducted without it, and kept on doing so, creating a precedent for others in the 20th century. Toscanini is credited with starting the practice of conducting without a score (because of his shortsightedness); today, hardly any conductor will appear before his public with a score (unless it is a concerto or a complex contemporary work).

In 1922, for ideological reasons, a conductorless orchestra was formed in Moscow, where intensive rehearsals and consultations made up for the lack of a coordinator. After 10 years, it was disbanded. During World War II, when communication by sea and air to the Western world were temporarily cut off through enemy action, the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra tried a few concerts without a conductor.

SO, THE conductor remains perhaps the most important figure in the field of musical performance. The history of famous orchestras shows that they achieved international renown only when they were led by one outstanding conductor for many consecutive years.

Since the end of last century, periods have been characterized by outstanding personalities, like Hans von Bülow (1830-1894), Arthur Nikisch (1855-1922), Gustav Mahler (1860-1911), Bruno Walter (1876-1962), Otto Klemperer (1885-1973), Wilhelm Furtwängler (1886-1954) — and what about Sergei Koussevitzky, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Montoux, Ansermet, Sir Thomas Beecham, the unforgettable Arturo Toscanini?

The only survivor of these giants is Herbert von Karajan (1908), who is still as active as a young man.

Perhaps historical distance lends enchantment, but today's top conductors, even favourites like Leonard Bernstein and Zubin Mehta, do not seem to occupy the stately heights of their predecessors.

Another phenomenon is the proliferation of full-sized orchestras and the modern tendency to go to concerts or buy records, not so much for the music performed, but for the personalities featured. The demand for outstanding conductors is so heavy that the few who have achieved special recognition from audiences, critics and orchestra managements are being offered highly attractive long-term contracts, which include many privileges.

MODERN conductors in demand can practically dictate their own contracts and do what they like — up to a point, that is; orchestral musicians are playing an increasing role in the decision making regarding conductors for regular positions or guest engagements. And record sales, audience attendance figures and, not least, critical appraisal in the newspapers, all have their effect on the comings and goings of the conducting profession.

On our local scene, the facts are interesting. The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra is extremely lucky in having Zubin Mehta as its chief conductor and life musical director. Mehta apparently expends as much time and thought on his IPO as he does on the New York Philharmonic, his other regular appointment.

Gary Bertini, chief conductor and musical director of the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, has left Detroit (as he said he would when he signed his contract) and is now chief conductor of the WDR (West-Deutscher Rundfunk) Symphony Orchestra in Cologne. He did not sign up for the six years offered, but for an initial three, with the option of reconsidering after one year. He is to spend at least 75 days in Cologne during the season, in contrast to 16 weeks in Jerusalem. Everybody knows that even this is not enough to ensure the JSO's steady development and artistic progress, and the search is on for an associate conductor.

BERTINI started his appointment to Cologne with the performance of the *Requiem* by Berlioz. Next week, his two orchestras will meet, as the Jerusalem Symphony is playing in the WDR's Symphony Hall on October 25. A joint reception is planned for after the concert. The Beethovenhalle in Bonn burned down two months ago, and a few weeks ago the Israel Philharmonic had to play in a temporary tent-like structure which turned out to be acoustically most unsatisfactory. WDR will therefore play host to the JSO in Cologne, instead of the scheduled appearance in Bonn.

Bertini had a most exciting summer behind him when we met in Jerusalem last week. The Young German Philharmonic Orchestra (the former Bundes-Jugend-Orchester), which elects its guest conductor annually, had chosen him to direct them this summer for the third year running. The conductor planned an outstanding project called "Opus Anton Webern" which was presented at the Berlin Festwochen: All Webern's 31 works were presented in 10 concerts over one tightly-packed weekend, together with music by other composers to create contrast and balance.

In addition to all the planning, and preparatory work, Bertini conducted 12 orchestral concerts during the Anton Webern festivals. Now he is off to conduct all the 19 concerts of the Jerusalem Symphony Tour in six European countries. Amazingly enough, he has also found time to make six records this year (all digital and on the new and prestigious Orfeo label), one of which won him a distinguished German award.

Nobody can live such a hectic and exhausting life for any length of time, and Bertini has promised to take a complete break for two months, next summer, to rest and recharge his batteries.

THE HAIFA Symphony has Urs Schneider, a Swiss conductor, for the second season, while the Netanya Orchestra remains under the energetic and dynamic leadership of Samuel Lewis (not the American ambassador!).

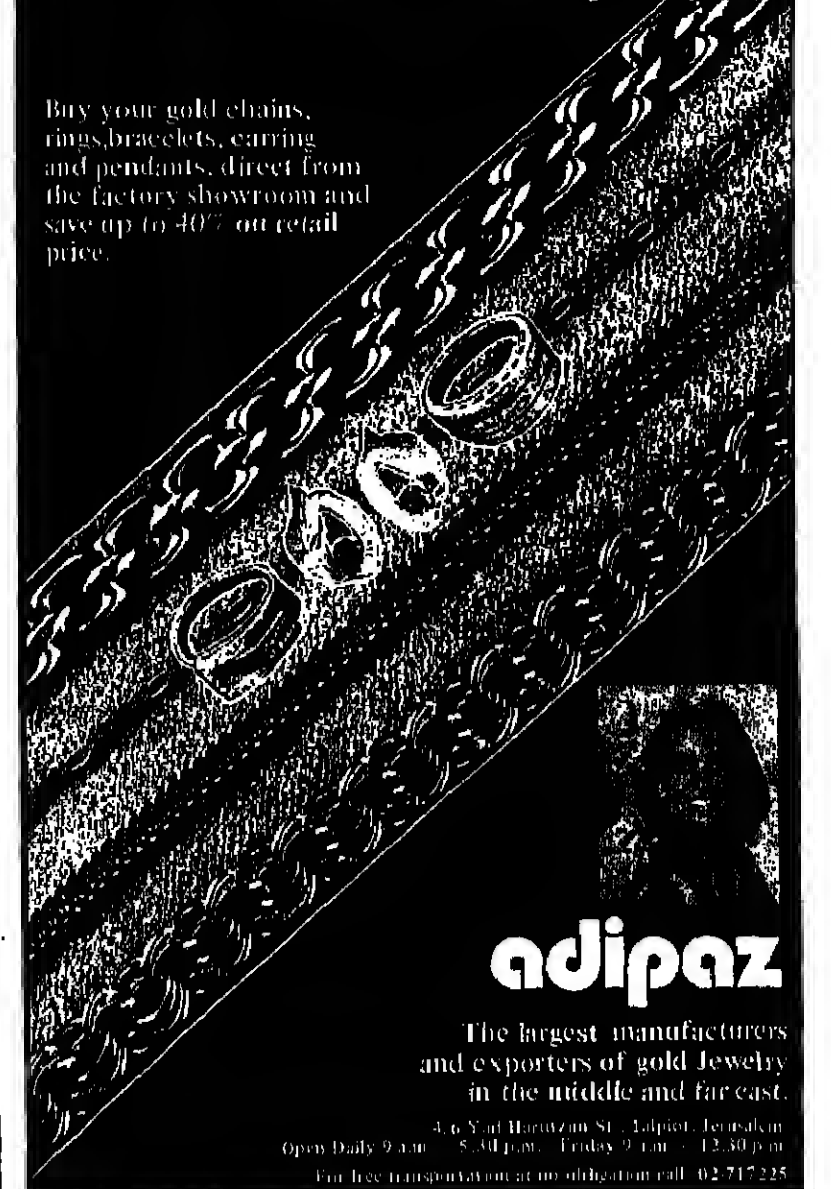
The Israel Chamber Orchestra seems to be a special case. Musical directors and chief conductors either do not direct or conduct (like Neville Marriner and Luciano Berio), or they resign before their contract is up (like Uri Segal); now rumours have it that Yoav Tamir will try his luck with the ICHO.

Mendi Rodan is continuing with his Israel Sinfonietta, Beersheba, which, through conscientious work, he has brought up to impressive performing standards. He has also signed up with the Belgian National Orchestra in Brussels; one hopes this will not interfere with his work here.

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9:30 pm: *Face to Face* Bergman
Mon. at 7 pm: *Edipo Re* Pasolini
7:30 pm: small hall *The Big Sleep* with Bogart and Bacall
9:30 pm: *Hungerfahre* Bruckner
Tues. at 4 pm: *The Wizard of Oz* with Judy Garland
7 pm: *The Island*
9:30 pm: *Le Chantre de la Parole*
Wed. at 5 pm: *Two Films in Yiddish* *Mot'el, the Operator*; *Tevya, the Milkman*
7 pm: *The Blue Angel* with Dietrich
9 pm: small hall *Le Souffrant*
9 pm: *Lola Passbinder*
Thurs. at 7 pm: *Bolwiser* Passbinder
9:30 pm: 3 films by Bunuel *Un Chien Andalou*; *L'Age d'Or*; *Las Hurdes*
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David Bomberg 1923-1927
Mario Merz: Builder of igloos and constructor of movable nomadic dwellings
Contemporary Israeli Art
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Looking at Pictures - for children aged 8 and up
The Tip of the iceberg no. 2 - New acquisitions of Israeli Art

SPECIAL EXHIBITS

Capernaum Hoard
A New Mosaic in the Norman P. Schanker Archaeology Garden
Oil Lamp Section
The Permanent Exhibit in the Prehistory Hall
Yemenite Torah Finials ("Rimonim")
Yehoshua Neustein - Drawings 1953

EVENTS

SPECIAL SCREENING
Saturday, October 28 at 20.30
MONTAIGNE 19 (France 1957)
Dir. Jacques Becker with Gerard Philippe, Lili Palmer, Anouk Almes
Biography of the young Jewish Italian, Medagliani

CHILDREN'S FILMS

Sunday, October 30, Monday, October 31 at 15.30
TRON - Robots and computers in the new Disney Production
Wednesday, November 2; Thursday, November 3 at 15.30
PINOCHIO - Animation film from Disney's Studios

CHILDREN'S STORY HOUR (in English)

Monday, October 31 at 15.00
for 7 - 9 year olds, with children's participation

CONCERT

Monday, October 31 at 20.30
BEETHOVEN SONATAS FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO
Uri Pinkas, violin; Jonathan Zak, piano

FILM

Tuesday, November 1 at 18.00 and 20.30
THE ENIGMA OF KASPAR HAUSER (Germany 1980)
Dir. Werner Herzog

SPECIAL EVENT - Cultures in Dance

(First in a series of six evenings)
Saturday, November 5 at 20.30
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Rockefeller Museum: every Friday at 11.00
Shrine of the Book: Tuesday, November 1 at 15.30

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GRAPHICS STUDY ROOM: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11.00 to 13.00; Tues. 18.00 to 20.00

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'Shadow' of doubt

WITH A SONG like "Moonlight Shadow" included, Mike Oldfield's latest offering, *Cries* (General Music), could hardly be a dud, could it? Well, sad to say, it is.

In fact, three-quarters of the record is nought but sub-Tubular Bells standard, boring guitar meandering, hardly worth a second listen.

The whole of Side One is devoted to the title track - 20 minutes of guitar soloing interspersed with various vocal profundities from Mr. Oldfield himself.

We already knew that Oldfield could play guitar, now we know he can't sing, but that's all there is to learn from this track.

With the glorious "Moonlight Shadow" opening Side Two, Meggie Riley's beautiful vocals soaring away, things do get a little better. "Foreign Affair," again featuring Riley, is good stuff, but also included is a dismal, almost heavy rock-type track, "Shadow On the Wall," and a pretentious contribution from former Yes vocalist, Jon Anderson, "In High Places."

The two Meggie Riley tracks apart, *Cries* is a very poor record. Don't buy it. Tape "Moonlight Shadow" off the radio instead.

APART FROM showcasing top Israeli groups, the Dan Cinema in Tel Aviv has established itself as the country's premier venue for visiting bands. Slouxsie and the Banshees, and Amazulu are two British bands who recently set the boards bouncing here.

Amazulu are a six-piece, black and white reggae band, whose trip to Israel last month followed a supporting David Bowie at his London concert.

The growing popularity of reggae here - witness the warm welcome given Dillinger and Aswad at their summer concert - ensured an enthusiastic reception for the group. The audience weren't disappointed either and by the end of the night the place was shaking to the



(Above) Clapton (Top) Oldfield

ROCK, ETC. David Horovitz

reggae sound of the five women and rastaman drummer who make up Amazulu.

The entire set, apart from an excellent cover version of Bob Marley's "War," was written by the band, highlights being the new single, "Ceiro," "We all Die Together" - dedicated to the Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp - and "Amazulu," the band's theme tune.

The rhythmic reggae sound and crazy antics of the band on stage - particularly the madcap dancing of singer Annie and saxophonist Leslie - helped them develop a warm rapport with the audience and made for a thoroughly enjoyable concert.

Slouxsie and the Banshees play music of a slightly different nature. One of the leading British New Wave bands, the Banshees, spearheaded, together with the Sex Pistols, the Clash and the Damned, the punk revolution that hit an unsuspecting London way back in 1977.

Despite the steep admission price, £8.50, there was a full house at the Dan to mark the group's debut gig here. With a good proportion of English kibbutz-volunteer types ill set to pogo, the Banshees' success was never in doubt.

Drummer Budgie steered the group through a fine set that combined old hits with lots of new stuff.

Highlight of the night was the encore, "Israel," with its positively Herzlian lyrics: "Where green fields reflect the scene of a long-forgotten dream, they'll be singing Israel."

That song, more than any other, showed how far the band have come from their swastika-clad, raw punk days of the late '70s. M. Weiss.

ERIC CLAPTON, Bill Wyman, Jimmy Page and Steve Winwood staged a three hour super-session in London's Royal Albert Hall last week, to help out an old pal crippled by a muscular disease and thousands of his fellow sufferers.

The sold-out concert was the first of two charity shows expected to raise £1 million (£123m.) for victims of multiple sclerosis.

Ronnie Lane, 38, one-time guitarist with Rod Stewart's Faces, who was afflicted with the disease three years ago, was the man who got the stars together.

GREAT TO SEE Bob Dylan (alias Robert Zimmerman) down at the Western Wall last month, clad in tefillin and tallit. The born Jew and born-again Christian seems to have been reborn yet another time and has re-embraced the faith. Dread to think what his next album's going to sound like. □

AFTER initial reports that the Bat-Dor Company's U.S. "season" had had "mixed reviews," it now appears that the two-week, 19-performance visit was a resounding success.

Bat-Dor spent two weeks in New York, at the Joyce Theatre, and one week at Los Angeles' Huntington Hartford Theatre. The reviews brought back by the company were generally favourable.

Anna Kisselgoff, premier American critic (of *The New York Times*) noted that the standard of performances was higher than it had been in the 1979 visit. She described the company's style as a balletic way of dancing modern dance concepts, but commended the way ballet and modern idiom were blended in Bat-Dor.

Writing of John Butler's *Othello*, Kisselgoff mentioned that the work had been badly performed by other companies but that the performance by Jeannette Ordman, Reda Sheta and Peter Clyde was "a lesson on how a work can be transformed by performance."

Another work which drew enthusiastic comment was Demy Reiter Soffer's *Alto Rhapsody*.

"Not all the critics liked all the works," said Bat-Dor general manager Barry Swersky, "but the important thing is that the company was treated in quantity of space devoted in the media and in the quality of the reviews as being in the major international league of dance companies. There were five separate articles and a whole page summary in *The New York Times*. *Newsweek* devoted a whole page to the company and said the program-



Tourists' return

DANCE / Dora Sowden

mes were 'impeccably rehearsed.' The critic of the *Los Angeles Herald* said the company had 'uncommonly stylistic maturity.' Roy Baker of the *New York Daily News* wrote of Jeannette Ordman's dancing that she had 'great power and presence and

near-perfect technical finesse.' The Associated Press wrote that her performance in Butler's *Eve of Death* was 'splendid.' Even Clive Barnes, who took a swipe, carried the headline in *New York Post* 'Israeli Dance Company Beck with

Vigour."

The Bat-Dor Company is now on holiday and will resume performance towards the end of November.

THE KIBBUTZ Dance Company has also visited the U.S. The company appeared at the Lehman Center for the Performing Arts in the Bronx (New York) for the final performances of its tour. Jennifer Dunning wrote in *The New York Times* (October 11):

"This might easily be called Israeli Dance Year in New York. Seven troupes from Israel will have visited this city by the end of the season and one of the best is likely to have been the Kibbutz Dance Company." She described the 12 members as "highly disciplined and beautifully trained and rehearsed dancers" and paid particular attention to *Nofet Ha Aretz* ("Landscapes of Israel"). Of Jiri Kytlan's *Shogame* she remarked that it was "familiar to New York audiences" but "can seldom have received so deftly committed a performance."

THE ISRAEL BALLETS is embarking in a new production for children. Called *Dream Box*, it has been choreographed by Erez Dror, who also wrote the "story." He has chosen music by Rossini, arranged by Respighi. Sets and costumes have been designed by Yossi Ben Ari and masks and other props by Yehudit Greenspan.

Principals of schools from all over the country were invited to attend a preview at Beit Hahayal in Tel Aviv. The ballet will travel country-wide together with Berta Yanpolsky's *Introduction to Ballet*.

RINA SHALIM writes that she is rehearsing her programme called *Jingles* with her group. It will be presented in the Tel Aviv Museum on November 20. It will also be performed in various places in the framework of Omani L'Am. Besides teaching in Tel Aviv and Haifa, she is working to expand a dance workshop.

She takes me to task for not mentioning her group when I wrote of the need (October 7) for supporting the smaller companies. May I point out that the ones mentioned were chosen as examples and not as an exhaustive list of worthwhile groups?

THE BAT-SHEVA Dance Company's performance with the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra in the Mann Auditorium will be reviewed here next week.

PLANS are going ahead for the International Congress on Movement Notation which is to be held in Israel next August. The honorary co-presidents will be the famous Robert Joffrey (of the Joffrey Dance Company of New York) and Richard Alston, noted British dancer and choreographer. The organizing committee includes Dawn Lille Horwitz (New York), Barry Swersky (Israel), Noa Eshkol (Israel), Monica Perker and Muriel Topaz (New York). The sponsors are the International Theatre Institute (ITI/UNESCO), and the Dance Library of Israel in cooperation with the Dance Notation Bureau (New York), the Movement Notation Society and the Institute of Choreology (London). □

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CHECK YOUR COPY OF "THIS WEEK"

If I WERE the ghost of Sholom Aleichem, I would be stalking the pavements of Tel Aviv at night looking for a young writer who could be persuaded to give comedy a try.

All around me, up rickety stairs in picturesque garrets and down in musty cellars I would see young geniuses frowning at their typewriters, each enveloped in a black cloud of despair or a red cloud of anger. I would watch them sadly, understanding their anger and their gloom. After all, back in Kishinev we could shrug our shoulders and blame the goyim, or lack of goyim. Here it is all our own fault, and those young people at their typewriters are like surgeons probing a wound. Even I might find it hard to raise a laugh in an emergency ward.

But when I take my ghostly eyes off those writers and imagine their audience dreaming and vulnerable in their heads, alarm clocks set to break the truce at six, I am filled again with an old conviction. I know that these sleepers need laughter like air and will go anywhere to get

it. They are right. It is the antidote to nightmare. Yes, even in an emergency ward it has its place, because it is the kind of medicine that, even if the relief it offers is only temporary, has no bad effects whatsoever.

SHOLOM ALEICHEM'S spirit came to my mind at Jerusalem's Gerard Behar Centre recently as I was watching *The Idiot* (Hoidouth), an old French boulevard comedy by Marcel Achard starring Tzipi Shavit and produced by the Liah Theatre. Had he been there in body he would surely have recognized the atmosphere. An audience determined to laugh. A pocket company of actors with a couple of straight men, a grinning clown and a brassy, loud-voiced star whom the audience loves to see going through her familiar routines.

This is the atmosphere of the unsanitized, professional, commercial travelling theatre. It is old-fashioned and vulgar, confident that it is giving the audience what they want. Here they wanted plenty of vigorous though innocent sexual in-

Bosom buddies

THEATRE
Zvi Jagendorf

menudo, the display of a cute girl-woman, a walking-talking doll (Tzipi Shavit), lots of grimaces and jokes about copulation, cuckoldry, underwear, impotence and snobbery.

Need one say that it is a whodunit and though Tzipi, the sexy mail, was indeed found naked at the foot of her bed grasping a revolver and in the company of her dead lover, she didn't do it and walks off into the Boulevard des Italiens free as a bird in Act Two.

This kind of play does its job by offending in one. Though Tzipi plays the French sex-bomb (vintage

1955) of a shy teenager's imagination, the 30-50-year-old boys in the audience (many of them religious) can escape with her into the never-never land of guileless slap-and-tickle with the full approval of their faithful wives. This is because the ladies in the audience identify madly with Tzipi. She's as feminine as a hubble-bath, loving, generous, innocent, childlike and guileless but with a kind of primitive wisdom that makes her a match for the aggressive and lecherous men who come her way.

With her doll-like walk, arms akimbo, legs spread wide, voice like a broken tin whistle, breasts flapping and hips wiggling, Tzipi Shavit sends out contradictory signals of sexiness and innocence. She describes losing her virginity without a blush; she might have been talking about losing her lollipop. She makes faces straight out of kindergarten but her bosom is above graduate level. Used by men but enjoying it, conscious of her body as her only possession but generous with it anyway, all intuition and no brain, vulnerable but

elastic, Tzipi is the last word in unliberated womanhood. Ladies in Manhattan would despise her as a suburban male's fantasy; in Jerusalem her optimistic, odour-free chutzpa is just what it takes to draw a conservative audience.

SHOLOM ALEICHEM would probably have been in two minds about this play. The sight of all those nice people laughing would certainly have given him pleasure. But he would have been a little sad that Tzipi and the boys weren't acting in a racy, popular Hebrew comedy smelling of Tel Aviv.

Where is the *nouveau riche* madam just back from a global shopping trip? Where is the pot-bellied, middle-aged Romeo with his war stories, or the blue-blazered lawyer with the New York hair-piece? These people are desperate. They are genuine characters in search of a popular comic playwright. All they want out of life is to make Israelis laugh at themselves. Surely someone will come along and give them a chance.

The best defence



BRIDGE / George Levinrew

DECLARER does not always make his contract. Sometimes he defeats himself, and sometimes he is beaten by the defence. Today's defensive gems come from championship games in the U.S.

Deal 1
Vult: None

North
♠ 10 6 4 2
♥ 7 3
♦ 7
♣ K 8 3 2

West
♠ A Q J
♥ 4 2
♦ A 10 9 8 3
♣ 7 6

South
♠ K 7 5
♥ A K 9 6
♦ K 6
♣ A 10 9 5

The bidding:

North (D) East South West
Pass Pass 1NT Pass

The South hand, with 17 high-

card points, is a "classic" strong opening no-trump. Although north showed up with seven points, giving the partnership a combined 24 points, the contract was not at all assured. Here is what happened to South.

West led a low diamond, won in dummy with the queen. On the trick, East tried to suggest that he had four cards in the suit, playing the five as the start of a high-low "echo." Declarer had six tricks for sure; three hearts, one diamond and two clubs. In an attempt to get number seven, he led a small club from dummy and ducked, hoping that West would not continue with diamonds. But West, who could not count East for very much, decided not to delay the diamonds. The ace collected South's king. Now West wanted East to lead a spade; he asked for this by leading the diamond nine. East read the suit-preference signal perfectly, returning a spade. Now came West's diamond three to East's four, and another spade through South's king.

In all, East-West got eight tricks — three spades, four diamonds and a club.

Deal 2
Vult: E — W

North
♠ 7 2
♥ K 10 7 4
♦ Q 5 2
♣ A 9 7 5

West
♠ Q 5 4
♥ 9 5 3 2
♦ K 10 7
♣ 4 3 2

East
♠ 10 8
♥ A Q 8
♦ A 9 6 4
♣ K J 10 6

South (D)

♠ A K J 9 6 3
♥ J 6
♦ J 8 3
♣ Q 8

The bidding:

West North East South
Pass 1NT 1♠ 2♠

All Pass

In our second deal, a part-score contract was defeated by an unusual play.

The opening lead was the heart deuce to the queen. As East, what would you now play? The heart suit was a threat to the defence. East hoped that the opening lead was the fourth highest, for then South held only one more heart. Declarer's only sure entry to the hearts in dummy was the club ace. So why not remove it? To do this East played the king, even though this "sacrificed" a trick. Declarer now lost one spade, two hearts, and three diamonds for a one-trick set. (With declarer forced to open diamonds, he had to lose three tricks.)

The club sacrifice of the king which knocked out a vital entry to dummy is known as the Merrimack Coup, after the scuttling of the Merrimack in 1898 in the harbour of Santiago, Cuba, to bottle up the Spanish fleet.

Deal 3
Vult: N — S

North (D)
♠ J 10 5
♥ 10 5 4 2
♦ K 7 2
♣ Q 10 6

West
♠ A 7 6
♥ A Q J 9 3
♦ J 10
♣ J 7 5

East
♠ 9 2
♥ 7 6
♦ 9 8 5 3
♣ 9 8 4 3 2

The bidding:

West North East South
Pass Pass Pass 1♠
2♦ Pass Pass 3NT
Pass 3NT All Pass

ARE YOUR opening leads routine? Look only at the West cards and the bidding, and decide on your opening lead.

Our West knew that the routine lead was the heart queen. But before leading, he reviewed the bidding. The heart king was probably in the South hand. But where was the ten?

West knew he needed to produce four heart tricks. He had a sure entry with the spade ace. The one danger was that ten and three little hearts were in the north hand, giving declarer a second stopper. If so the routine play of the queen would lose.

The safety play, made by West, was heart ace, followed by a low heart to declarer's now-singleton king.

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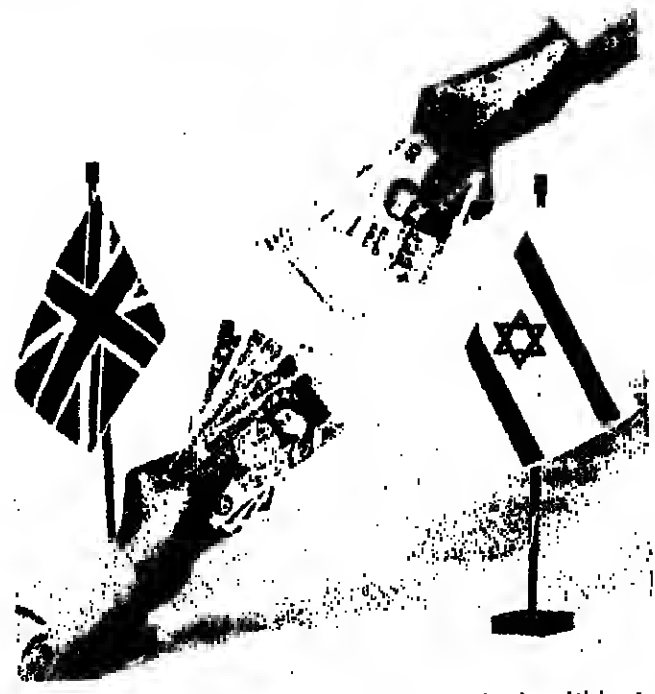
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Oranges to Oxford



Trade between Israel and Britain is at its healthiest, and a contingent of British businessmen arrived in Israel to improve business even further. The British-Israel Chamber of Commerce's fifth annual convention hosted the 25 British industrialists to introduce them to the vast potential Israel has to offer.

Oranges, of course, are the traditional symbol of Israeli productivity, but the country is heavily diversified in other fields. By the end of the year an estimated £600 million will have changed hands between Israel and Britain, which would be an all-time high.

The picture is rosy indeed, but your friends and relatives abroad may not be aware of Israel's international interactions. They should be reading THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION every week — 24 pages taken from the week's issues of THE JERUSALEM POST, Israel's only English-language daily. Help the balance of trade and at the same time reward someone you like, with a gift subscription that gives them all the news of Israel.

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The Aliens' corn

WHOEVER SAID "You can never go home" quite probably never met Isaac Asimov. Or perhaps there's more to his oft-stated hatred of travel, and he never left home. Whatever the case, to read the Good Doctor's Foundation's Edge (Granada, 325 pp., £7.95) is to travel back in time to 1942, when the first installment of the Foundation Trilogy appeared in the pages of John Campbell's *Asimov*.

Five hundred years have elapsed. The First Foundation still rules the galaxy. Councilman Golan Trevize, however, smells a rat. Either the Seldin Plan (a psychohistoric scheme to preserve galactic civilization after the descent of the rebel hordes) never existed, or it has simply ceased to work. Banished to the hoonedness of space for his heretical views, Trevize is set up as a lightning rod to locate the Second Foundation, which is suspected of running things.

The success of the series — it was voted a Hugo not long ago for the best-ever SF series — is one of the great mysteries of mass culture. The kindest view of it is that it has short-comings. Most of the action, as Asimov is the first to admit, takes place off-stage, while the main characters talk and talk. The setting is as vague as Caesar's ghost. The style is stilted 1942. The universe portrayed is standard SF feudal, entirely human, and scientifically improbable. Psi, foster than light travel, interminable star wars, and primitive economics — silly little rabbits pulled out of a ragged and worn hat. And yet...

And yet the book is memorable and suspenseful despite the deliberate flaunting of every rule in the story-telling business. The atmosphere is nostalgic but not camp — a shrewd strategy. It is as though 40 years of spit and polish in SF meant nothing — and no one gives a damn. I just don't understand how Asimov gets away with it.

SCIENCE FICTION Sheldon Teitelbaum

THOMAS DUNN and Richard Erlich, two academics, indulge themselves in *The Mechanical God* (Greenwood Press, 284pp., no price stated) in a long-time interest: the literary interface between man and machine. This is a staple SF myth, and the 18 essays in this volume plumb its depths, and extend it to encompass machine societies. In an age of automatic lovers, take care.

DESPITE HIS flaws as a novelist, John Varley has become my favourite all-time SF writer. He lacks the style of Leguin, and perhaps the wit of Lem, but has an unfettered imagination most SF writers should envy. His first novel, *The Opachi Hotline*, has become a minor classic of the genre, and his later short story collections, *In the Halls of the Martian Kings*, and *The Barke Murders*, are incomparable. Ah! but Varley's latest, *Millennium* (Berkeley, 249pp., \$7.95) is a gem of rare quality.

Louise Baltimore, a hard-boiled resident of the very distant and dismal future, is a professional hijacker. Her targets are twentieth century airplanes listed in the historical records as crashes — no survivors. Baltimore leads groups charged with whisking the passengers off to the comparative safety of the faltering future. Packed in cold storage, they are kept for a very special, and not at all sinister, purpose.

A lifetime in Biafra is probably preferable to a week in Baltimore's world. This place is the pits. The air is filthy, the food poisonous, and unhygienic bothing to get up in the morning is given a medal for public service. There's just no point to anything. Nobody lives past the age

of 30, and by 25 there's not much left to preserve — a head, perhaps a shoulder, a few teeth. If a man occupies a crucial position, he is hooked up to a life support system until suicide becomes attractive. Field operatives in Baltimore's survival-oriented outfit don "skin-jobs" — prosthetic suits masking physical decay. Travelling through the Twentieth, in which she has a romance with an alcoholic airplane accident investigator circa 1955, Baltimore takes to lighting three or four cigarettes at a time, for fresh air's sake.

This is vintage Varley. *Millennium* has a plenitude of original ideas and touches, a competent and schmaltz-free style, and is chockfull of intelligence, gross-outs, and courage. Luke Skywalker and Admiral Kirk wouldn't last a moment in Varley's creation.

PETER NICHOLS has a new one out, and it's also a beaut. In the *Science in Science Fiction* (Granada, 208pp., £10.95) he and a few friends explore the degree to which science and fiction interact, and illuminate each other. Wonderfully illustrated, it's all here, from black holes to alternate worlds. The chapter on "Where SF gets it wrong" is a bit snide, perhaps, but their disposal of Velikovsky and Von Daniken and of their turkey theories, makes for delightfully reasonable reading.

A FINAL BIT of summer fluff is mathematician Rudy Rucker's latest collection of warped and motley tales, *The 57th Franz Kafka* (Berkeley, \$2.75). Rucker is a laugh riot, and his stories are light-years more complex and craftsman-like than what currently passes for comedy in the genre. In "Pae-Man," for instance, we learn that video-adapts the world over are unknowingly contributing to a new American nuclear air-defence network. The hero of the story, after clearing the pac-man screen 20 times running, is congratulated for his patriotism by a recorded visual message from Ronald Reagan. As with Craeker Jucks, there's a prize in each of these fine yarns. □

New Austen Minor

KATHERINE DOESN'T much care for *Women in Love*; her favourite book is *Emma*, a novel she finds "sexy." It seems to me likely that slow starter Barbara Trapido, a first novelist in her forties; set her sights on an Austen herself when she conceived her lively Kath. Now Austen's range and circumstances were, of course, circumscribed, but her ambition to reflect with acuity and wit the real choices confronting her heroines was vast. Each errs, eases, and recoups not without suffering but with little ado about her role as a woman in a less than equal world. But then Austen didn't think herself an important writer. And Trapido, amidst a forest of fictional upthoheos and *knatch* about the condition of contemporary Woman, could not have done better than to choose the Austen model. You might find this, comparatively, an Austen Minor, but to me there is considerable charm in this sporty debut of a sister of the more famous Jane.

Armed with a collection of A levels, sparkle, and vulnerability, legged with "the best pal since Marlene Dietrich," Katherine enters the orbit of the eccentric Goldman household as reader.

BROTHER OF THE MORE FAMOUS JACK by Barbara Trapido. London, Black Swan. 224 pp. £2.50.

Haim Chertok

protégé of Professor Jacob G., a Marxist philosophy professor. She is drawn equally to him, to wife Jane G. (who was years before disowned by her proper, Protestant parents), and to the uninhibited banter and clutter of their Sussex homestead of six children. The Goldman household is love at first sight.

"There is excess rubbish piling up in a Heinz bean carton beside the overflowing rubbish bin... The tops of some home grown vegetables are wilting on the workboard alongside seeping used tea-bags and... half-eaten bowls of that morning's tortillafakes. It is also perfectly apparent to me that the Goldmans write their telephone messages all over the wall... Rosie has scratched up a conspicuous message in black-marker pen for her father. 'Jake must fone criss,' it says. Underneath it, Jacob has written, 'If criss fones me again tell him to phuck off.'"

KATHERINE, in her early strides

up from the bourgeoisie, makes the grievous error of falling in love with the Goldman son who is headed toward Oxford and respectability. After being crudely dumped by him, by his more ceremonious Italian successor, losing a child, and dealing with depression and workaday therapists, she takes over ten years to regain her first footing. But while suffering is Katherine's woman's portion, it really is not her Herzogian fate. As with Austen (especially in *Persuasion*), this is a book about rebound, pluck, carrying on, and ultimately choosing to fall in love with the proper-improper Goldman. Both Austen and Trapido have a sound intuition as to what the novel is all about. Born in domesticity, the evidence argues that it will not die until marriage itself succumbs. Both as a constant reviewer (dear reader) and long-haul spouse (dear Mrs. Companion), I still believe there are ample grounds for guarded optimism.

Mrs. Trapido (married to an Oxford historian) won the Whitbread Prize for Fiction for this fine and punny novel. It surely proves an instance of the awardee enhancing the award. You're missing something special if you don't track it down. If I did, after all, spill a bit much of the plot, I can't be scored for jacking the 24-carat title. And, anyway, who reads *Pride and Prejudice* just once? □

THE LIBERAL AMERICAN *Wehanschaung* doesn't travel well. In Vietnam, Kennedy's Harvard whiz kids initiated the killing of hundreds of thousands, installed a succession of inept dictators, almost turned America inside out, and lost a war. In the Third World, decades of squandered American money and goodwill have been repaid only by anti-Western block voting and hospitality to Soviet advisers and fleets. In the Middle East, a highly reasonable Rengan Pesce Plan is shot down by Jewish and Arab hardliners and moderates, as though compromise were another word for sacrilege.

Jonathan Randal, an American liberal and *The Washington Post's* senior foreign correspondent, has spent many periods in Lebanon since 1975. He seems to have met, and heard out — with a varying degree of sympathy — many people, and understood a great deal. Now he has written this quick history of the Lebanese Civil War of 1975-76, the Israeli campaign of 1982-83 and the intervening years. It is filled with a breadth of knowledge probably unusual for the average, even good, foreign correspondent, who tends to fit in and out of countries and enries like a shuttling PLO leader.

IT IS filled also with appalling distortions and inaccuracies, many of them the result of wearing those old liberal blinkers.

Take something simple, like massacres. Barbarism has characterized each of the factions in the Lebanese conflict. Christians have slaughtered Palestinians, Moslems, and Druse; Druse, Palestinians and Moslems have slaughtered Christians; and the Syrians have slaughtered some of each, and many fellow Syrians besides. And so on.

Now it is possible that the Christians have killed rather more people than the others since 1975. But then they have been 'favoured' by Syrian and then Israeli potronage.

Clearly, the situation in Lebanon, and the nature of civil wars, which tend to be particularly brutal, has encouraged barbarism in all the protagonists in Lebanon.

YET RANDAL concentrates on Christian brutality at Karantina, Tel Zaitar, Sbrha and Shailla, and mostly ignores or, at best explains away, Moslem massacres at Aishiye (1975), Damour (1976) and elsewhere.

Randal, at Karantina records "the scenes of Moslem males of all ages linked up against a wall, their hands behind their backs, guarded by Phalangists wearing prominent wooden crosses around their necks." Elsewhere he writes of the "hooded Phalangists." These images will surely evoke the KKK for most Americans.

He continues: "But what I will always remember from Karantina is the young children, hands in the air, being pushed around by the Phalangists. I happened to be with a Phalangist friend, and said to him that I was reminded of the famous photograph of terrified Jewish children surrounded by German troops taken during the Nazi destruction of the Warsaw Ghetto."

"A thousand dead was the best guess," says Randal of Karantina.

At Damour, where "I personally saw entire families lying dead outside their burned and dynamited homes," there were "a relatively small number of victims" — he mentions 60 or 500 — "which suggested that slaughter was not the Palestinians' only goal." (He is



"Beirut: A City in Crisis" (New English Library, £10.95) is by World Press Photographer prize-winner Don McCullin, who says, "I have had a kind of disastrous love affair with Beirut for the last 17 years and I have seen it through good times and bad times. I never ever thought it was a beautiful city as many people said. I always thought Beirut was a shocking city." But, McCullin believes, "cities never die. You can bomb cities but they will still come back and live, because of the tenacity of the people and the basic will to survive." Nearly 70 photographs are included.

Astigmatic vision

GOING ALL THE WAY by Jonathan C. Randal. New York, The Viking Press. 304 pp. \$16.75.

Benny Morris

implying that at Karantina, and Tel Zaitar, slaughter was the Phalangists' only aim.)

AS TO the years when the PLO held sway in much of Lebanon, from Beirut southwards, Randal speaks of the PLO's "sloppy, often thoughtless behaviour" — something of a euphemism, surely, when one is speaking of a terrorized Christian population, occasional crucifixions (in Tyre in 1976), occasional murder and rape (though hardly the reign of death and violence alleged by Israeli propagandists in 1982).

But the book's central flaw is exposed on the cover, in its subtitle: "Christian Warlords, Israeli Adventurers and the War in Lebanon." Where are the Druse, Moslem and Palestinian warlords and adventurers, certainly as much to blame for the civil war of 1975-76 as their Christian counterparts, and with at least a measure of responsibility for the Israeli invasion of 1982?

Randal wisely and accurately traces the origins of the civil war to Christian-Moslem-Druse historic rivalries and to the growing Moslem-Christian demographic imbalance (in favour of the Moslems) since the 1940s, which was not corrected by any commensurate increase of Moslem political and economic power.

And certainly as he points out Israelis tend to force the brutal Israeli retaliatory strikes in southern Lebanon, culminating in the Litani Operation of 1978, which did much to tear apart that country.

BUT WHAT of the Palestinians? Their influx into Lebanon, in 1948, as refugees from another war, displaced a powder keg among the cedars. Their highly armed second

placed in such a context that his belated reservations may escape many readers. Bashir himself is treated as the most murderous and cunning of the Maronite intriguers. He disposes of the Chamonist "Tigers" in a night of the lung knives, and assassinates Tony Frangieh and his family. He guns his way to the top, without much effort, and pushes aside Pierre Jemayel and other Christian elders.

THE LEAST barbaric of the protagonists in Lebanon — Israel comes off worst of all in Randal's book. His criticism of Israeli actions in the 1970s, and of the invasion of 1982, are hyperbolic, and often factually incorrect. They do a disservice to those who, with Israel's best interest at heart, criticize the Begin government for having launched a morally unjustifiable and politically and militarily incompetent campaign.

Randal writes about Operation Litani in March 1978: "The destruction was on a scale known well in Vietnam. The Israelis did succeed in massive killing; almost all the victims were Lebanese civilians — some one thousand... Half a dozen villages were all but levelled in a frenzy of violence during which Israeli troops committed atrocities."

To his credit, after such exagguration, Randal adds: "Yet the Israeli troops seemed ill at ease, almost ashamed of the destruction they had wrought."

He writes of Israel's ally Major Saad Haddad: "I winced, recalling Haddad's wanton shelling of civilians in Sidon... his responsibility in failing to prevent the murder in cold blood of Irish UN soldiers; his mind rantings and madder actions." It should be observed, here, that Haddad's guns never had the range of Sidon.

The IDF seige of West Beirut — whatever one may think of its political motives — was appalling and brutal. But did it involve "large-scale murder," as Randal says. Would he call the Allied bombing of Germany in World War II, which took an immensely greater toll of civilian lives, "large-scale murder?" "I was furious with the Israelis... ashamed of being an American," he writes.

He has the following observation about the Sabra and Shatilla massacres, carried out by the Phalange after they had been sent in by the IDF to clear out the camp of terrorists, on September 16-18, 1982: "Although Israeli commanders and troops surrounding the camp knew what was going on inside, as Israel's Kahan Commission established..." But surely one of the Commission's main points was that, amazing as it may seem, the IDF did not really know what was going on during the whole course of the massacre, and only sensed on September 17, that something had gone wrong.

Clearly the Palestinians are the primary victims of the Middle East conflict and of the Lebanese War. Yet Randal doesn't have a sense of Israel as the victim of Arab attempts to destroy it, of PLO and Syrian rejectionism, of a psychosis born of the Holocaust, and transplanted in a new, Near Eastern arena. People like Begin and Sharon rose to power, in large measure, because of the effect on the Israeli psyche of decades of Arab intransigence. The war in Lebanon is appalling but a natural outcome of a Zionism pushed by its neighbours into aggression. And certainly, as Randal eloquently points out, Begin, the escapee from the Holocaust, savoured the "turnabout

role of a Jewish strongman protecting persecuted Christians."

"IMPERCEPTIBLY over the years, Israel has become part of its callous Middle East environment... The very notion that Israel was a Westernized, if not Western, country had hoovered and, with it, Israeli claims to a unique place in contemporary ethics. Here, for all to see, on colour television the world over, was one Middle Eastern society dealing with another in keeping with locally acceptable norms."

Randal is informative about the ins and outs of the Lebanese scene, and his book, though obviously written in a tearing hurry, is usually readable though occasionally so convoluted that it outdoes its labyrinthine subject.

Its message for Israelis, morality aside, must surely be that Lebanon is so brutalized, fragmented and complex a place — it is no longer a state — that Israeli involvement in it will cost us dear. □

Walkabout

HAR HANEKEV HAMERCAZI VEMAHTESH RAMON (The Central Negom Mount and the Ramon Crater: Penonmle Survey and Walking Trails) by Menachem Marcus. Jerusalem, Nature Reserves Authority. 244 pp. and removable map (1:100,000) of region. IS700.

Liora Moriel

SINCE 1975, the Nature Reserves Authority has engaged its geographers in exhaustive panoramic surveys of the Negev. The present survey is the final link in the chain. The survey's aims are to aid the scientist, the ecologist and the traveller, and they do this well. An added bonus has been that the carefully mapped-out surveys have helped the NRA fight off the army's everincreasing encroachment on unique landscapes, with their rare flora and fauna, since the redeployment in the Negev following the return of the Sinai to Egypt.

For the traveller, the book offers valuable information on the general geography of the area surveyed (south of Avdat and north of Eilat and its mountains). There is also an exhaustive report on the plant and animal life in the region. Because there were people living here, the book does include some history and archaeology. Geology is dealt with at length.

As an avid walker, I found the hiking trails the most interesting part of the book, although to the author they are no doubt incidental. The 19 trails are carefully mapped and explained. The information provided includes such important points as water sources (if none are available during the hike, it is advised to take water with you) and length of the actual walk (along with the duration of the drive — and in what type of vehicle, regular or jeep — to the trail). All the trails are carefully indicated in the map, and it is assumed that the reader would know how to read it properly.

This is not a coffee-table book; it has no colourful pictures of beautiful sites (although some of the black and white photos are breathtaking). It is a book meant to be read, to become yellowed and dog-eared and handled by many. What it lacks in style, it makes up for in content. □

WHAT'S ON

Notices in this feature are charged at IS282 per line including VAT; insertion every day costs IS5549 including VAT, per month.

Jerusalem
CONJURED TOURS:
 Tourists and visitors come and see the General Israel Museum Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its beautiful gardens and impressively modern buildings. Free guided tours weekdays between 9-12, 13-15, 16-18 or 19-21. Kiryat Moshe Tel. 523291.
HADASSAH: Guided tour of all installations. Monthly tours at Kiryat Hadassah and Hadassah Mt. Scopus. Information, reservations: 02-461933, 02-426271.

Hebrew University:
 1. Tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus, Buses 9 and 25.
 2. About Scopus tours 11 a.m. from the Administration Building, Reception Centre, Sherman Building, Buses 9 and 25 to last stop, further details Tel. 02-552519.
American Mizrahi Women: Free Morning tour - 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500, 505, 510, 515, 520, 525, 530, 535, 540, 545, 550, 555, 560, 565, 570, 575, 580, 585, 590, 595, 600, 605, 610, 615, 620, 625, 630, 635, 640, 645, 650, 655, 660, 665, 670, 675, 680, 685, 690, 695, 700, 705, 710, 715, 720, 725, 730, 735, 740, 745, 750, 755, 760, 765, 770, 775, 780, 785, 790, 795, 800, 805, 810, 815, 820, 825, 830, 835, 840, 845, 850, 855, 860, 865, 870, 875, 880, 885, 890, 895, 900, 905, 910, 915, 920, 925, 930, 935, 940, 945, 950, 955, 960, 965, 970, 975, 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Most experts doubt that Israel will ever find enough oil to fill its own energy needs, but this has not hampered the country's search for 'black gold.' The Jerusalem Post's CHARLES HOFFMAN reports.

ISRAEL imports about 98 per cent of its energy. Last year the country spent \$1.7b. importing crude oil, compared with its \$100m. energy bill in 1972. Even with the greater use of coal to generate the country's electricity, the absolute amount of crude oil needed to produce petrol and other lighter fuels will not diminish over the years, as the economy continues to grow. By the year 2000, Israel will need the same amount of crude as it does now, about 7.5 million tons a year, or 56 million barrels.

It would of course be cheaper and strategically desirable to pump the oil out of the ground. After all, there is oil in Israel, as the discovery of the Heletz field in 1955 shows. But this field has produced only 16 million barrels over the years, and is now yielding only 400 barrels a day. Other oil-producing countries measure their reserves in the hundreds of millions or billions of barrels. At today's consumption rate of 150,000 barrels a day, Israel would use up the entire Heletz field in less than four months.

Since 1948, \$300m. has been invested in drilling about 330 wells, about one-third of them to develop Heletz. The vast majority of the others were "dry holes." Most of the money has come from the government budget or from the profits of the government oil companies. This year \$65m. will be spent on exploration and drilling, the highest amount ever in one year.

IS THIS an investment in security and prosperity, or is it just throwing money down a hole? With the poor results obtained from drilling outside the Heletz area, maybe we should just give up. If experts and investors are nevertheless convinced that there is oil or gas down there, then how much do they expect to find? Can the best places to search for oil be identified, or is exploration something like throwing dice? Who has the best chance of finding it, private investors or government companies?

These questions and many others were thrashed out recently at a Herzliya symposium on oil exploration in Israel. It was organized by the Israel Centre for Energy Policy, a new clearing house for ideas on energy attached to Beit Berl and headed by Labour MK Mecha Harish.

The speakers and participants — which included geologists, oil company officials, investors and economic and legal experts — expressed their views with considerable frankness in the open sessions, but were even more candid in informal conversations during coffee breaks.

One of main items discussed was the potential for oil discoveries that exist in Israel. Foreign experts with impressive credentials have come here over the years and pronounced the country blessed with possible oil reserves ranging into the hundreds of millions of barrels.

The most recent expert evaluation of this sort was by James Wilson, the former chief geologist of Shell Oil, who estimated in the

late 1970s that there are about 300 million barrels in Israel, not including the Dead Sea area. Wilson's estimate for this separate geological province, with its special characteristics and history, ran into the billions of barrels.

There were no enthusiastic defenders of Wilson's position at the conference. The Energy Ministry official in charge of supervising oil exploration permits, Dr. Moshe Goldberg, dismissed this estimate as "wishful thinking." He said that Wilson's estimates were based mainly on a general knowledge of whether the strata beneath us contain large quantities of what geologists call "source-rock."

EARTH scientists believe that oil and gas were formed hundreds of millions of years ago in the basins of ancient seas, where the remains of plants and animals accumulated. The heat and pressure generated by the formation of new layers of rock on top of the sea-beds eventually transformed the primeval ooze into oil and gas.

The initial generation of oil in the source-rock of the former sea-beds is only the beginning of the process. For oil to be recoverable, it has to be "trapped" in appropriate geological structures beneath the surface. And even if oil was formed and collected in an underground trap millions of years ago, subsequent upheavals and erosion might have flushed it out.

The point made by Goldberg and other experts was that it is not enough to determine if Israel is sitting on large quantities of source rock. One also has to determine what major geological events and processes have occurred since the source-rock was formed. Maybe there was oil here in large quantities, but it is possible that it has long since escaped.

The former head of the government's Geological Institute, Dr. Uri Cifri, alluded to this possibility when he said that oil exploration in Israel until now has been "show business." He was referring to the annoying but persistent fact that dozens of oil wells have turned up only "hydrocarbon shows," or traces of oil and gas. Other wells near Arad and Ashdod are producing several dozens of barrels a day, barely enough to cover production costs.

THE PICTURE of Israel's oil potential is complicated by the fact that the country's diverse and complex underground structure has had a turbulent geological history. The results from drilling a well down to a particular geological stratum may not provide a clear notion of what to expect from the same stratum in another part of the country, or even several kilometres away. Heletz itself is only a narrow strip several kilometres wide and about 15 kilometres long, and could easily have been missed.

Prof. Avihu Ginzburg, a Tel Aviv University geophysicist, expressed what appeared to be the consensus that there is more oil to be found

MONEY DOWN A HOLE



here, but in much smaller quantities than envisioned by Wilson. Ginzburg headed an expert panel 10 years ago appointed by the government to estimate the country's oil potential. Then, as now, he declined to throw out a precise numerical estimate, but concluded on the basis of the finds of the last 10 years that the reserves probably amount to several tens of millions of barrels.

This means that scattered around the country there may be several fields the size of Heletz, or smaller. As for the Dead Sea area, he put forward the view held by many experts here that there is either a lot of oil there, or nothing.

This view of Israel's oil potential implies that an oil exploration strategy must be worked out that is much more cautious and

nuanced than bounce off the underground rock formations, by means of a seismograph. The scratchings of the seismograph are then analysed by a geophysicist, who judges whether or not there are possible traps below.

Many complaints were made by Ginzburg and others about the quality of the seismic work done in oil exploration here, and it was pointed out that new techniques are available that could vastly improve the readings and analysis.

But no amount of seismic tests, whose costs can run into the hundreds of thousands and even millions of dollars, can tell for sure if there is oil still in the traps. Only a well can do that, and even then the possibility exists of missing the trap by a small margin.

Considering that some areas of the country have hardly been explored, and that only five wells have reached certain strata as deep as 6,000 metres, there are still promising exploration opportunities awaiting.

If oil is present in relatively small reservoirs, scattered around the country, then exploration by throwing dice is a wasteful strategy. If we were sitting on top of one big reservoir, then the chances of finding it with a haphazard strategy would be greater. If Ginzburg's conception is correct, then exploration efforts must be aimed with a high level of precision at the most promising sites and target strata. This in turn requires much better seismic work and an improvement in the quality of the "prospects" prepared for specific drilling sites.

A "prospect" refers both to a promising drilling site, and to a booklet that sums up its potential. The booklet shows the results of seismic tests; explains the likely trap structure, gives engineering instructions on how the well should be drilled, and provides economic data on the cost of drilling and production and estimates of the size of the oil or gas reservoir. Good prospects can take several years to prepare and can cost as much as \$2 million for deep wells.

PROSPECTS in Israel are occasionally prepared by free-lance geologists who sell their services to private investors, or by the investors themselves if they are experienced oil men. But most of the burden of preparing prospects in Israel falls on the shoulders of the experts at the government exploration company, Hanah.

Hanah, the Hebrew acronym for Oil Exploration (Investments), is a subsidiary of the Israel National Oil Company (Hanil).

Most participants at the conference, were extremely critical of the quality of the prospects prepared by Hanah, although they were willing to grant that the standard has improved over the years. Some critics went as far as saying that some of the wells drilled in accordance with Hanah prospects in the last few years, shouldn't have been drilled at all.

Others called for a systematic evaluation of the results of the last 10 years of exploration efforts and for post-mortem analyses of dry holes. That would at least lead to an accumulation of knowledge about where it is not worthwhile to drill for oil.

There may be a drawback, however, in adopting too rational an approach to oil exploration. Many of the great fields around the world have been discovered by people moved by sheer determination, faith or instinct, who refused to give up after the experts had thrown up their hands in despair.

Oil folklore is full of tales about the "meshugga" types who insisted on drilling the 51st well in a field after all the others had been dry holes, or who insisted on going down "just a few more metres" into the unknown — thereby making the discoveries others thought were impossible.

THE EXPERIENCE of Andy Sorelle of Houston is instructive in this context. A born-again Christian overflowing with optimism and love for Israel, Sorelle came here in the late '70s determined to find oil. Using the Bible and a magnetic detection technique he developed in his Houston oil exploration firm, he decided to drill at Aliti, in an area that had not previously been explored.

He found plenty of geological surprises on his way down to 7,000 metres, not the least of which was a stretch of oil-bearing limestone close to the bottom of the hole.

So far about \$12 million has been sunk into this venture, \$2 million of it from the government oil companies.

There are plenty of people on the Israeli oil scene who scoff at Sorelle's biblical theories and "black-box" detection devices, and who doubt that he will ever manage to extricate the drilling equipment now stuck near the bottom of the hole. But then again, his mixture of faith, experience and expertise may be just what is needed.

In the mid-'70s, after the start of the global energy crisis, the Israel government oil industry was reorganized and the government companies were given the leading role in exploration. Meanwhile, Israel was pumping oil from the Abu Rudels field in Sinai, and later discovered a large field at Alma on the Gulf of Suez and a gas field at Sadot near Yamit. The Sinai oil slowed exploration efforts in Israel proper until after the peninsula was returned to Egypt.

THE ISRAEL National Oil Company, Hanah, is the parent company responsible for all oil exploration. Although the government clearly dominates the field, Hanah's policy is to encourage local and foreign private investment in oil exploration. The Petroleum Law, which dates back to 1952, provides what are considered to be generous terms and incentives for private investors. After royalties, taxes and expenses, an investor who finds oil can end up with about half of the profits.

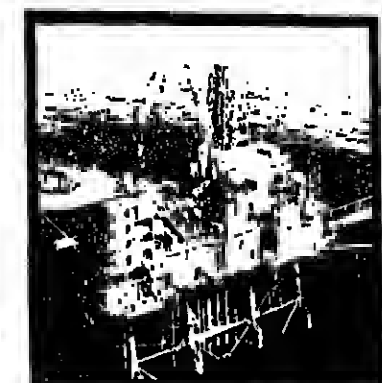
Private investors make their initial inquiries through Hanah, which recommends certain drilling ventures. The investors can buy a percentage of an existing oil exploration project, which might be operated by Hanah or a private operator, or they can apply for a licence themselves, thus assuming responsibility for preparing the prospects for a site and supervising the drilling operations.

Operators who fail to implement their exploration programme within the period specified in their licence

may have it revoked and handed over to someone else.

The head of Hanah, Dr. Elazar Barak, says that Israel needs a government company in order to develop an infrastructure of geological and geophysical expertise and drilling services.

The vast majority of private investors who come to Israel are not self-sufficient in these areas, and must rely on the government companies. In the event that private in-



vestment from abroad falls off or is scared off by threats of the Arab boycott, the government companies must still be capable of doing the job on their own.

THE \$65 million to be spent this year on exploration comes from the following sources: \$41.5m. through Hanah, which includes money from the state budget (\$11m.), and from the funds put up by the government companies and private partners in Hanah's wells; \$20m. from private investors operating their own projects; and \$4m. from a British firm, Hnizon, that just completed a seismic survey of Israel's offshore potential in the Mediterranean.

From 1975 to 1982, \$175m. of the \$300m. invested in oil exploration came through Hanah, with the rest from private operators. The cost of a well can range from \$500,000 for a shallow well of several hundred metres to over \$10m. for a deep well below 6,000 metres, with costs escalating the deeper you go. The next deep well to be drilled, Pleshet in the northern Negev, will take about a year to reach the target stratum and will cost about \$12m.

Barak explained that next year the amounts the government companies can invest from their own resources will shrink as the profits made on past sales of services and oil dry up. If the government budget doesn't make up the difference, exploration will suffer a setback.

The government has succeeded in getting more private money into oil exploration in the last few years, by several mechanisms. A new Hanah subsidiary, Magen, has raised about \$7m. on the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange, of which it is supposed to invest one-third in Hanah's wells and the rest in other exploration ventures.

Israeli companies specializing in oil exploration have also begun to raise money on the local exchange, but so far not much of it has been actually invested in exploration. Barak promised that supervision would be tightened here to make sure that the money ends up where it is supposed to.

PHILIP MANDELER, an American lawyer who knows the Israeli oil scene well, reported on several recent attempts to raise cash in American capital markets for Israeli exploration ventures.

The only successful effort so far, he said, was by ISRAMCO, a subsidiary of East Mediterranean Oil and Gas (EMOG), which is planning several wells in the western

Negev. ISRAMCO, a corporation registered with the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission, has done better in raising funds in the U.S. than limited partnerships put together for tax-shelter purposes by a small number of investors.

Mandeker said that financing Israeli exploration with American money from the general investor public has poor prospects at the moment. Israel is regarded as a country with little or no oil and gas potential, and the failure of an attempt to raise \$20m. two years ago for a deep well at the Dead Sea left an unfavourable impression on Wall Street. The general investment climate for oil ventures is bad now, he said, due to the drop in prices and slump in drilling.

BESIDES private money raised on the Stock Exchange or from specific investors, what more can be done to attract outside participation in exploration here?

There are now no medium-size independent oil companies operating in Israel. These companies — with their own capital, expertise and equipment — could make a major contribution to exploration here. The last independent to work here was Superior Oil, known locally as Vista or Neptune, which discovered the Alma field and left in a huff several years ago after a messy compensation fight with the government.

One government expert believes that it will take more than financial incentives to attract the independents back. They will come on their own, he said, and are capable of hiding their true identity to the Arabs, if they think there is oil to be found here in significant amounts. At the moment, they are not convinced.

The next best thing to appear on the local scene in the last few years are the small investor-operators from abroad who have come with their own funds, experience in the oil business and exploration expertise. These include Sorelle, Samuel ("Sunny") Eisenstat of ABJAC and Gilman Hill of Moriah. Two small companies that also fit into this category are EMOG and Siamica Oil Exploration, in which Israeli experts have teamed up with American experts.

INVESTORS and outfits of this type can make a qualitative contribution to oil exploration here: they bring new techniques and successful exploration experience from abroad, and they make demands on the government companies that may help shake them up a bit and spur them to better performance.

The private individual or investment group that brings only its money may still be welcomed, but it can't infuse new blood or ideas into a system that is too bureaucratized and inbred.

For example, EMOG and Siamica have devised exploration strategies for specific areas of the country and are committed to carry out multi-well exploration programmes. This is an important departure from the old one-shot deal in a licence area.

With the prospects for finding a major oil bonanza in most parts of Israel now diminishing, the hope for the big strike of the future now rests with three areas on the frontier of oil exploration in Israel: offshore wells based on Horizon's seismic survey; the Dead Sea area now being explored in a \$50m. programme by Siamica; and the great depths now being explored at Aliti and soon at Pleshet.

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QUEEN ANNE borrowed the word "police" from the French. To xenophobic British ears it smacked of foreign oppression and the word "constable" was substituted, which originally meant Constable of the Royal Stable, an appellation that has obviously seen better days, the reverse of the parvenu word "marshal," which originally meant "horse-ranger" or groom.

I am to be the guest of a night-patrol of London's Metropolitan Police, as I was a year ago when our allotted area of operation was the Borough of Chiswick (W4). As it turned out, either the good citizens of Chiswick were of angelic disposition or, at least from my point of view, it was a bad night. Nothing happened that was worth putting down on paper.

At New Scotland Yard the press officer had scrutinized my credentials and subtly drawn me out on my general attitude towards the forces of law and order. After which I was assigned to the Delta Section located off Edgware Road, which includes Paddington, Notting Hill

sinners, Sir Charles Ruwan (1829-50) and Sir Richard Mayne (1829-68), gave them their marching orders (in 1831).

"THE PRIMARY OBJECT of an efficient Police is the prevention of crime; the next is that of detection and punishment of offenders...The protection of life and property, the preservation of public tranquillity, and the absence of crime will alone prove whether these efforts have been successful, and whether the objects for which the Police was appointed have been attained."

Britain in Victorian days was a hotbed of crime, what with footpads, garroters, gonophs, muggers, rampmen, shofulmen, smashers, and even smaller heifers (stealers of handkerchiefs), to use the professional jargon of the day.

Under the commissioners' dynamic public relations efforts, the public image of policemen was changed. For instance, as official supervisors of places of entertainment, the police coerced the music halls to insert songs of praise for

urgency is adopted: blue light flashing with ear-horn support; or howling siren, while more or less obeying traffic rules; or entering evening traffic-lanes, ignoring red lights, and intimidating one's way through.

I am given plenty of opportunity to observe and admire these breakneck operations at 80 kph, through the dense theatre traffic, at times frightening the living daylight out of me.

A souped-up American car passes us with four louts inside. The hover-hoys are known to my companions, who have covered the district for six and four years respectively.

John approaches the shaven-headed driver who waves his driving licence provocatively in his face.

"O.K.," says John, "you don't have any stolen goods by any chance?"

"No. Do you, officer?" asks the lout. Shades of Officer Krupke.

Next, a fracas at the Tumbledown Bar in Paddington, in the shadow of Paddington Station, which is a meeting place for prostitutes and

a combination of mirth and booze. We discreetly slink away.

We are cruising the area around Paddington Station, mainly Church Property. Not long ago, the Rock of Ages leased the premises to the Oldest Profession, but has now gone more or less respectable.

Christine, a blowsy blonde prostitute, motions us to a stop and indicates that she wishes to talk to me.

"Make it a quick one, Willy," quips Steve.

Christine, taking me for a plain clothes detective, has some information to impart in private. I explain the situation and Steve takes over in the shadow of a nearby portico. A week or so ago, Christine had been picked up by two Pakistanis in a car and was threatened and driven as far as Epsom Downs, where she had been repeatedly raped ("fore and aft") severely beaten and stripped of all her clothes. She needed six stitches on a torn earlobe and was hospitalized for 24 hours; three days later, she was back on the beat.

I try to draw out my companions on the subject of "minority crime," but they clam up, colour being a ticklish subject. *Pos devant les en-jants!*

ON A LOW WALL in Kilburn sits Kathy Mulvany, a bag-lady surrounded by most of her worldly goods in strung-together plastic bags. She is talking to a black who vanishes as we draw up. Kathy is crying.

"Evening Kathy," says Steve, "what's the trouble then?"

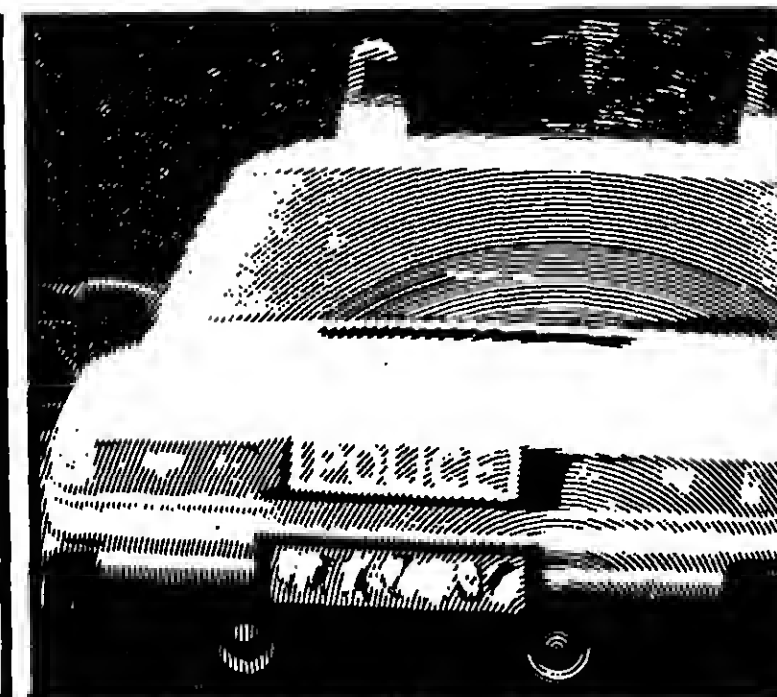
"He tried to scare me," she sniffs. "Says I have no business here and that I'm a witch and bring bad luck."

"Maybe he was trying to sign you on," jokes John, who knows the black as a minor pimp.

"You are making fun of me," protests the bundle of misery, somewhat comforted.

"Isn't it time you went home?" suggests Steve. "Past your bedtime, you know."

Kathy begins to organize her portable junkyard.



TEA AND SYMPATHY

WIM VAN LEER spends a night with London's Metropolitan Police.

"Tough, those old pros," opines Steve.

Christine is all of 25. "What did she want?" asks John.

"She saw two Paks in the same sort of car and took the number." "The actual villains?"

"She isn't too sure. We'll check it out," says Steve as he enters the details in the log, and we are off for a spin around the infamous Llanos Green Estate in St. Marylebone.

This cement exercise in delusive sociology was built to house a largely immigrant slum (over-) population from the nearby boroughs. It was meant to be a self-contained community with staircases and walkways interconnecting the various blocks. As it is, it presents a monument to urban rot at its most horrific. In this maze there is now a concentration of criminals which merits a special wall-chart at Police HQ, with some 70 mug-shots; and the worst offender, so the inspector assures me, is a 16-year-old bundle of criminality who, for all his tender years has collected convictions like others collect stamps, including two for rape.

We drive on parking lights and observe a man removing the wheels of a parked Volkswagen. As we approach, the man escapes up the concrete maze and, despite our hot pursuit, vanishes. We continue our cross-cross cruising; just before we leave the area, a bottle comes sailing down and strikes our boot. What will those urbanists dream up next?

"Does she have a home?" I ask as we push on.

"Sure, and a very nice and tidy one, too."

"Then why all this junk?" "It keeps her company and gives her comfort."

"No accounting for people, is there?" philosophizes John, as the radio directs us to "persons oo premises."

One agitated landlady, her hair all curlers like Jodrell Bank, meets us at the kerb. "There were two black men coming down the stairs, from Mrs. N. downstairs and the upstairs people...she keeps a respectable house, who is a nice lady with lots of trouble and what must the other occupants think and..."

All this in an English with more than a whiff of the *puzzza*. Mrs. N. refuses to react to the landlady's pleas to open up. John takes over. He knocks gently. "We're police officers and would like to talk to you," he says.

Whereupon Mrs. N. half opens the door. Obviously drugged, she begins to cry. Yes, the two men had seen her home from the pub. No, she did not know them or their names. Her husband ("You see, officer, he is not really my husband") had left her this morning. "What am I going to do?" she whines in despair and starts a new crying fit.

"What were these men doing upstairs?" asks Steve.

"The John is upstairs," indicates Mrs. N.

We inspect the doors and facilities on the floors above but find all in order. The landlady offers us tea, which we decline. She undertakes to take care of the heartbroken Mrs. N., now collapsed on the threshold, one breast having escaped from her nightdress, sobbing her heart out.

In front of a St. John's Wood apartment block, a young woman is sitting on the pavement, leaning against a garden wall, shouting threats and obscenities into the night. A tall man with a good face is trying to calm her down.

"Drunk?" I ask.

"No," he says, "but she is very disturbed, poor thing."

"Your wife?"

He nods.

"Is she often like that?" I ask, suspecting insanity.

John and Steve smilingly let me try my hand at interrogation. "Every day almost. What am I going to do? How can I live like that? I can't cope any more. Oh, God."

They live some 50 metres around the corner.



"Not worth driving," decides John. Turning to the raging woman, he says: "What about a little walkie, eh?"

The two policemen take an arm each and with an "Up you go, then" lift her off the pavement. She begins to struggle, and they elinch her between their shoulders and march her off. Professionals. Her husband and I struggle behind.

"You see," confides the husband, "she just had an abortion which she didn't want, but there was nothing for it. Just couldn't afford it just now. What am I going to do? She's really a good woman, believe me."

"You'd better get some help or she may do herself an injury." "That's the trouble. I'm so afraid I didn't go to work all this week."

"What do you do?" I ask.

"What can one do?"

"I mean for a living."

"I'm an optician...in normal times."

We have now arrived at the bottom of a stairwell and she is standing unsupported and much calmer.

"Can you handle her from here on?" asks John.

"I think I can, I owe you..."

"Never mind," says Steve.

"I owe you an apology," says the man patting her head, embarrassed.

"You owe us nothing, sir," says Steve.

"Baby-sitters to the Metropolis," I observe as we walk back to the car.

"I'd like to think we're a little more than that," objects John. "You are," I hestitate to add, "you are."

THE NEXT radio-directed port of call preoccupies me. A neighbour has reported an attempted burglary by a man and a woman. As we approach the premises we see a young man and a woman run away from us, hand in hand. They are flash-hergested. Passersby stop and stare. My companions separate them and get them beyond hearing range of each other.

"Just a moment, sir. Where have you two come from?" Their stories tally. They have come from the pub and are on their way home. From their accents and clothing they strike me as upper class, probably students at Oxford or Cambridge.

"Then why were you running?"

"Why? God, man, to catch the bloody bus. There she comes, the last one, damn you. What right do you have to arrest us? What are we supposed to have done?"

They live some 50 metres around the corner.



"You are not arrested, sir. Just detained while we make enquiries." With that Steve walks back to the premises concerned, some 100 metres down the road. "Why do you allow him to treat us like this?" asks the girl in good French. "We've done nothing."

The young man, his temper rising, turns on John. "Look here, you. I've had about enough of this. Either you tell us what this is all about, or we're leaving." And he moves away a few steps.

"I'm afraid you have to stay right here, sir. Otherwise I have to put you in the patrol car." Sheeplishly, the young man returns to where John has indicated.

"Don't be nervous," I suggest to the bewildered girl. "It'll all be cleared up presently."

"Who is this man?" asks the youngster. To save long explanations, John says "He's a detective."

My heart jumps for joy. At last I'm up there with Kojak, MacGareth and the other sleuths. I nod John aside.

"You've got the wrong party, mate."

"What makes you so sure?"

"Well, they hardly look the part. Their clothes, their accents, education-wise. I imagine few housebreakers leg it hand-in-hand."

"Don't be so sure," says John.

"Just because they are upper class doesn't mean they are lily-white. You suffer from class prejudice, guvnor, if you don't mind me saying so." To extricate myself I go to John

Steve, who in the meantime has cleared up the mystery.

The owners of the basement flat, who are on holiday, permitted out-of-town friends to "house-sit." The neighbour, seeing strangers enter, jumped to conclusions. Apologies all round. Can't be too careful these days! The out-of-towners are very pleased by the visit of "the Sweeny." As the lady put it, "It makes our holiday."

Steve clears his throat. "You are both free to leave. We apologize for having had to detain you a few minutes." And he goes on to explain the situation.

To impress the girl, the young man now becomes mildly abusive, while I reflect on the impact this small incident must have made on their lives. They belong to a class which, by its law-abiding tradition, considers itself cut of the reach of the law, which has to play by rules not applicable to them. And suddenly their privacy is invaded, their invulnerability challenged, making them subject to the rules laid down for the common herd, rules from

which they considered themselves exempt. No doubt both of them will remember this incident for a long time. As I will.

"Seeing you have missed your bus," continues Steve, unperturbed, "we would like to drive you home. But we have a guest tonight, a journalist from Israel (Goodbye, Lt. Kojak!). You may go now."

Steve stands there, arms skimbo, while the young man fires a final salvo.

"You fellows think you can do what you bloody well like... arrest innocent people, you think you are the law. Well let me tell you something..."

"As I said," says Steve calmly, "you may go now, sir."

The girl pulls him along and they cross the road, Steve staring after them. From the opposite pavement the young man yells one last howl of defiance:

"You are just a big cunt!"

"We could take him in for that," says John, who knows the book.

WE NOW cruise prostitute country north of the Bayswater Road, where my companions know all of them, by name and record.

"Would you like to talk to some?" they offer.

I decline, saying that I don't consider them criminal or even antisocial. They are just one of the facts of life.

"But it makes good copy. All the other journalists we have had

jumped at the chance."

I remark that if I want to talk to prostitutes I don't need two beefy constables and £10,000 worth of motor vehicle.

"The public likes to read about them. Sin city...vicar trapped in love-nest," jokes Steve.

"My paper does not," I observe.

"Seeing you are from Jerusalem, it stands to reason. Any turtur your way?"

"Sure," I reply.

"There are some Israeli girls working here," says John; turning to Steve, he says: "You know, that dark slim one with the boots."

"By Cleveland Square," adds Steve. "And there is Naomi, the little one with the poodle by Linden Gardens. Here! We passed her a while back."

We swing around and presently we spot a small but well-endowed young woman in jeans, a white poodle on a leash, leaning against the railings.

"Want to talk to her, Willy? She's from round your way. Was in the army, has a photo of herself in

what tonight's cast is doing now. Do punks comb their hair before hitting the sack and take the safety-pins out of their carloches? Did the blacks get home safe? Did the old man wash the beer out of his hair? How is poor Mrs. N. coping? Did Naomi find a client? And what does she do with the doggy when she is working? How did the young man and his girl feel about their humiliation? Would they tell their parents? Each other? What about the optician and his disturbed wife?

They are not the only ones who never ate their bread without tears. The Yard receives 2,200 emergency calls daily. Such is life in the Metropolis. But without the trained and competent succouring hand of the Metropolitan Police, things would be unbearably worse.

And one asks: How well has the Police acquitted itself of its task in view of Rowan and Mayne's PRIMARY OBJECT?

By popular belief, supported by media brainwashing, we live in violent times, with life and property under constant and ever-increasing threat. But let us look at the facts. A century ago, 11,000 Britons suffered violent death annually. Today, with twice the population, the figure is barely 500. So much for the time-perspective. Another comparison: in 1972 London had one murder for every 65,000 inhabitants while Detroit had one murder for every 2,500.

The Metropolitan Police must be doing something right. □



"Just a moment you two," says John and heckons them over, keeping them talking to give the punks a head start. When a group of blacks passes by, he lets them go along. "Safety in numbers," he remarks.

Being a loner in the Metropolis is a dicey business. You have to belong to a group, clearly identifiable by the colour of their skin, outrageous hairdos or dlobber or, as in our case, the imposing uniform of The Law.

BACK AT the station, a lady-inspector is "booking" a bevy of prostitutes. By the friendly laughter it looks and sounds more like a happy kuffeeekatsch. A two in the morning, Delta-Two delivers me back to my hotel, and I take leave of my friendly companions of the night.

"Anything of interest?" grunts my sleepy wife.

"Two of the clock and all is well," I reply as I slip in between the covers.

But I can't fall asleep immediately. To calm down I try to imagine

what tonight's cast is doing now. Do punks comb their hair before hitting the sack and take the safety-pins out of their carloches? Did the blacks get home safe? Did the old man wash the beer out of his hair? How is poor Mrs. N. coping? Did Naomi find a client? And what does she do with the doggy when she is working? How did the young man and his girl feel about their humiliation? Would they tell their parents? Each other? What about the optician and his disturbed wife?

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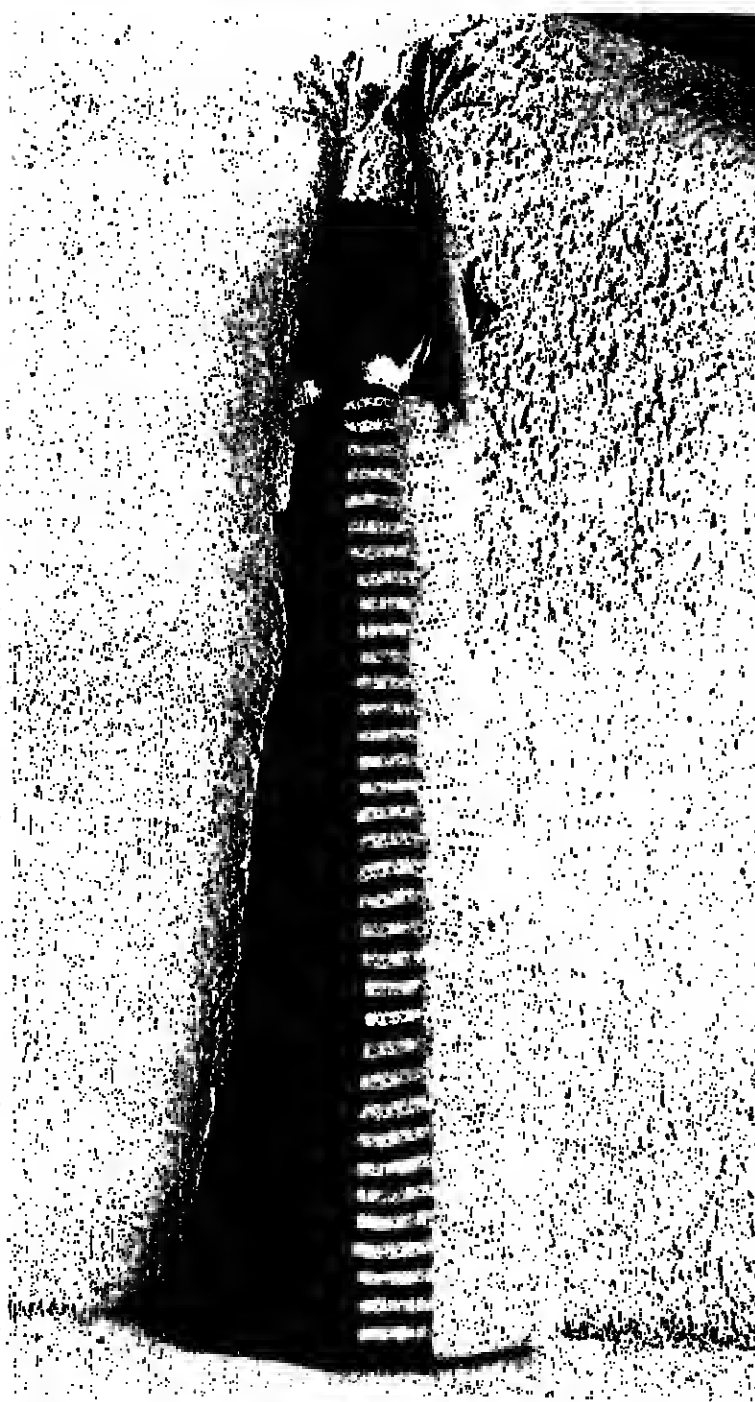
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(Above) Micha Kirshner: photo portrait of Shlomo Bar, musician.
(Below) Flory Lettersdorf: fashion design "Black and White".



I GUESS it is a preference for ordered design tied to graphic impact that implanted Edward Steichen's black and white Whistlerian portrait of George Bernard Shaw (1907) unforgettably in my mind. Yet, on the other hand, Cartier-Bresson's description of Giacometti (1961), a ruffled and candid *nu de force* photo has also remained with me for the past 20 years. It was to these artists' advantage, as it was for Newman, Karsh and several other great contributors who advanced the art of photographic portraiture, to be confronted by personalities whose specific character lent an air of importance to the general image and demanded public response.

But the anonymous "people" portraits by Aget, Brassai or Lange, all critics of their environments, also carried with them a charisma of humanism, of an individual relating to himself in time and place.

Living in different times, with different historical and political references behind him, the Israeli photographer Micha Kirshner brings to his Chuchrome and black and white portraits a mixture of analytical thinking and emotional preferences. He has succeeded in combining the photographer-artist's dual consideration of the subject as a psychological force and as an illuminated element used to activate a two-dimensional space. Best described as direct, biting and often unflattering to the sitter, Kirshner's statements are plicitly honest.

In the main, Kirshner's photos were created for *Montin*, a local magazine with which he has been associated for the past five years. To complete these pictures, there was collaboration between Kirshner and *Montin*'s editor, but the staged results are Kirshner's interpretations alone.

What makes his portraits both appealing and revealing is the comprehensive artistic formulation he brings to his subject. In addition to props and montage effects, which are often obvious creations, Kirshner's blend of unorthodox cropping parallels a calibrated use of dramatic lighting, a technique that performs marvels with textures and shadows other than the tones of his sitters.

Kirshner does not document, nor does he fantasize. There is no formula or determined cadence to his work. Each of the photos is a picture unto itself. His subjects, the famous, the not so famous, the hazy and the plebeian, are treated with a democratic bluntness, all levelled in time and place. It is the spectator who relishes the characteristics associated with Shorun, Bar, Eban, Peres, Lifshitz, Rosenblum and Kahane to mention a few. Kirshner does not seem to perceive them as physical reflections of themselves but as personalities obsessed by their self-appointed positions or intoxicated by the ones that have been publicly proclaimed. (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd.)

THE TEL AVIV Museum's first exhibition devoted to fashion design honors Flory Lettersdorf, regarded by many as the doyenne of Israeli fashion.

Organized by guest curator David Turtikover, the exhibit includes some 30 garments, ranging from Lettersdorf's classic desert coat (1955) to brilliantly-colored silk fabrics used in designs for dresses created in the painting style of her late husband, Yohanan Simon. Great emphasis is placed on Lettersdorf's consideration of regional

Best of Kirshner

Gil Goldfine & Ephraim Harris

and local ethnic handicrafts and designs, influences she called upon throughout her career both for clothing and fabric designs. In addition to mass-produced designs for Maskit (together with Ruth Dayan) and an extensive private clientele, Lettersdorf also earned a reputation as a costume designer, having worked with the Cameri Theatre for more than 10 years.

The exhibit is accompanied by a well-written and well-documented catalogue. (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd.)

ANATOLY BASIN, born in Leningrad and now living in Jerusalem, shows large oil paintings and small watercolours whose dark, brooding colours and severe reductive drawing express the soul of a retiring painter who utilizes the figurative description of a female nude and limited still-life subjects to grapple with the tragic poetry of life.

Filling the surfaces from edge to edge, Basin's models are almost non-identifiable as they recede into the deep violet and muddy reddish-brown shadows of the composition. His flat, frontal designs are punctuated by definitive black contours. The up-ended space is medieval in character, with specific references to Byzantine icon painting. With a minimum amount of pictorial elements, Basin manages to elicit a fair amount of pictorial interest. (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem, Jerusalem.)

TUVIA ABRAHAM shows five mural-size triptychs. Each trio of canvases, composed in exactly the same manner, provides the exhibition with a sense of balance and unity. Using enlarged anatomical details in the central panel (feet, hands, buttocks), Abraham flanks them with unrelated scenes — usually landscapes or animal studies.

The different subjects in the triptych-like compositions are held together by Abraham's sparkling technique of transparent strokes flicked one on top of another to form a pasty, super lac crust. The occasional attempt at decorative abstraction, although rich in colour-match and texture, is obviously misplaced in the dazzling fields of figure painting and natural flora forms. (Ahud Ha'am 90 Gallery, 90 Ahud Ha'am, Tel Aviv.) Till Nov. 9.

TAMAR DOBROVSKY is an accomplished action painter steeped in the traditions of local lyricism and abstract expressionism, touched by an appreciation for the Oriental fascination of intuitive, direct brushing. Her large canvases breathe a life filled with open spaces, contracted fields, aggressive textural markings, rough pigment and snarled, pebble-like flecks of hidden colour pinned under heavier, subdued hues.

Dobrovsky's paintings are abstractions of nature. They allude to the spaces, configurations and objects we associate with the extensive horizons, valleys, craggy hills, sky and dwellings. But these are

only implied for her pictures hurdle the real and contain a physical and pictorial vitality all their own, especially when colours like greyed pinks and blues meet head-on with colder greys and rick red straight from the tube. (Yehoshua Gardens Art Pavilion, Yarkon Park, Tel Aviv.)

G.G.

JAPANESE decorative taste — screens and costumes. An exhibition which brings out the close, even indivisible, connection between Japanese fine and applied art, in spite of restrictions dictated by functional needs. Thus it makes no difference to the viewer if screens are six- or four-fold; they are paintings, whether monochrome like "Snow Landscape" by an unknown hand and Masanobu's similar "Landscape with Roofs," or in colour and gold foil, e.g., "Mt. Fuji and Miho Beach," a pair of six-fold screens — that on the left is more impressive. Of two-fold screens used in the tea ceremony, attention is especially drawn to the anonymous 19th-century "Chrysanthemums and Autumn Grass" for the striking composition showing Western influence. And what always tempts with interest is the Ukiyo-e's genre of detailed urban life, here a pair of eight-fold screens.

The kimono is a different matter. The area to be worked over, although complicated by the sleeves, forms a single design, and furthermore, the uneven surface of the material often requires a degree of stylization to achieve that aim. It can be facilitated by echoing Ukiyo-e's enjoyment of life, the floral conceptions on a lady's formal kimono, or the prominent purple clouds on a bridal kimono (18). For Noh actors, a heavy brocade denotes the solemnity of religious drama, while the vestments for Buddhist priests, simpler and plainer in patterns, maintain the requisite dignity. (Museum of Japanese Art, Haifa.)

TUVIA JUSTER. His sculpture at Beit Chagall plays down the religious trend marking his participation in the municipality's exhibition two months ago.

Juster employs two roughly fixed styles: the first, vertical and triangular, the second, a new block. While outwardly abstract, he would certainly admit the role of realism, so that at least part of the display could be described as "abstracted." The two hands moulding clay at the foot of the obelisk intended for the artist's future grave (2) and "Ecological Sculpture" (5) which, notwithstanding the voids always utilized by him as a means of articulation, is distinctly Roman — either a funerary effigy or here, as the title indicates, a river deity — are both unabashedly representational.

Realism lies behind the slightly drawn-up knees ("Recombinant Woman") and the white streak of breaking light ("Black Light"), two very competent pieces. Of undoubted abstraction, one might choose the enveloped figure of "Mourning Woman," and particularly the powerful excised tree-trunk, evoking a mysterious human form within ("Rose of the Valleys").

Juster is a sculptor far above the average, who just misses the inspired intuition required for the heights. He may very well get there. Meanwhile, several objects are those taken for granted at his level, e.g., the common "shell" conception of "Without Beginning or End." (Beit Chagall, Haifa.)

E.H.

THE PEOPLE in our glass industry have more faith in the power of the consumer than I do. In a massive advertising campaign to persuade the public to choose glass containers rather than plastic or metal, the Phoenicia glass works have been using slogans such as: "Glass. Because there's nothing to hide." "Get hold of a genuine bottle." "When glass is real, flavour is real."

The local glass industry, a monopoly belonging to Koor, apparently believes that the choice of packaging materials lies mainly with the customer. But as I indicated last week, I fear the choice of food and beverage containers is largely determined for us by the manufacturers and the retail stores.

Isn't our glass industry naively directing its appeals to the wrong address, or perhaps trying to lock the stable door after the horse has bolted? I put the question to Abraham Wald, general manager of Phoenicia Glass Containers Ltd., and Gideon Linder, deputy managing director of Tamaz, the marketing and export arm for these products.

Wald and Linder admit that Phoenicia "was late to react" to the introduction of the PET plastic family-size bottles for soft drinks. It has hopes, however, of bringing off a "counter-revolution" next summer.

Phoenicia plans a two-pronged attack. It will offer manufacturers a lightweight one-litre glass bottle to be thrown away after use, and it will produce an easy-opening individual throwaway bottle which could challenge the popularity of metal cans. In both sizes, the bottle, apart from the neck, will be coated with a film of coloured plastic which will carry the labelling information and also serve as a protection against nicks and scratches. This, however, won't be as effective in the case of exploding bottles as Tempo's unique coating, which makes glass splinters stick together harmlessly.

But Wald and Linder contend that the main cause of explosion of carbonated drink bottles is that the glass gets scratched in transport and handling. A scratched glass surface is weakened and more likely to break on slight impact. They cite the example of cutting plate-glass with diamonds: the glass is purposefully scratched, and a slight blow breaks it along the scratch.

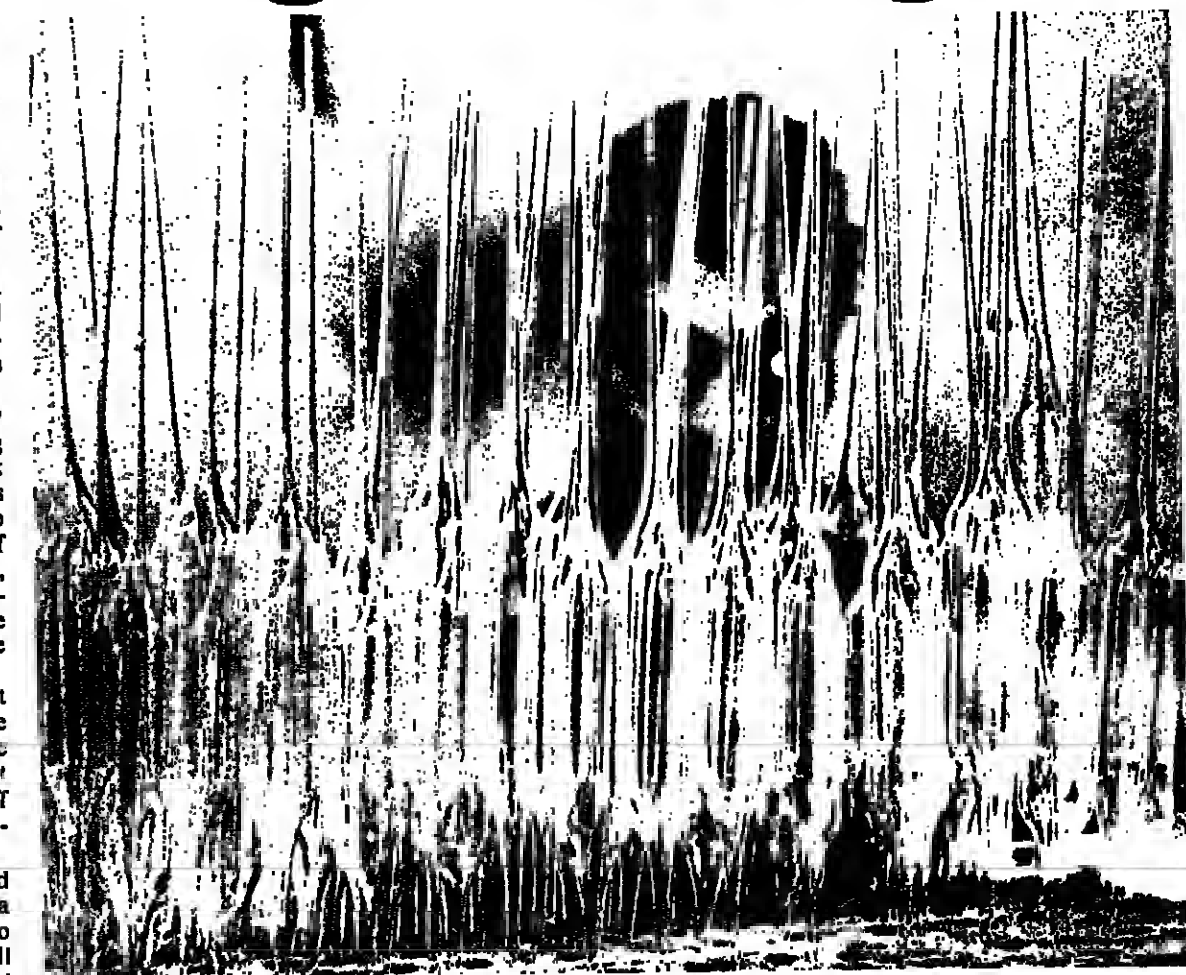
Phoenicia claims that a plastic coating will permit the safe bottling of carbonated drinks in lightweight glass, which would be economical enough for a throwaway. A one-litre Coca-Cola container, for instance, could be reduced from its present 960 grams to a mere 480 grams. But this is still much heavier than the 55 grams of PET plastic, which safely holds up to two litres.

There's another catch. The coloured plastic coating virtually cancels out one of Phoenicia's selling-points: the bottles will no longer be clear as glass. On the samples I saw, only the bottoms and necks remain truly transparent, allowing the contents to be seen clearly.

Price is problematic, too. Two throwaway glass bottles of a litre each would cost the manufacturer more than a single, 2-litre PET bottle. And the extra cost would undoubtedly be passed on to the consumer.

The most economical container of all, insists the glass industry, remains the old-fashioned returnable glass bottle. But manufacturers, retailers and even consumers are increasingly reluctant to bother with

The glass menagerie



complexities of collecting plastics for recycling.

In the Golden Pages directory, I found a listing for a firm called Isra-Paltrek, which specializes in recycling plastics, both polyethylene and polypropylene. It turns out that this is a new company founded just a year ago by a group of immigrants from Turkey.

For the time being, Isra-Paltrek is concentrating on recycling old plastic piping and used plastic sheeting from greenhouses at kibbutzim and moshavim into new piping and various building materials.

Household collection of plastics would be almost impossible, an Isra-Paltrek spokesman told me. For one thing, plastics should be separated into "hard" and "soft," and this is a professional distinction. The common household plastic bags, for instance, are "hard" plastic, not "soft." Besides, since we use these bags to wrap our kitchen waste, we couldn't very well be asked to separate them from the garbage!

Plastic bottles weigh almost nothing, but are very bulky, which makes them highly problematic for collection bins and transport vehicles. Experience abroad, says Isra-Paltrek, shows that the only realistic way to retrieve household plastics for recycling is after they reach the public garbage dump. There, the plastics can be lifted out mechanically and separated into types. The contact with rotting refuse does not harm their recycling usefulness. But this special machinery is very expensive, and Isra-Paltrek is doubtful whether Israel can afford it.

Tel Aviv Deputy Mayor Kremer did tell me plans are underway for an international tender for mechanical separation of refuse at the huge Hiriya dump which serves Greater Tel Aviv. I wonder if this will really happen — and not just remain one more bright idea, like the Tel Aviv subway.

Paper, glass and plastic are not the only waste products which could be utilized. Aluminium cans, abandoned motorcars, and organic garbage itself all have their potential uses. It is just a matter of the will and the organization.

OTHER COUNTRIES, richer than ours, have taken some firm stands on the controversial subject of packaging materials and what becomes of them.

In the U.S., some states ban throwaways altogether. Others levy fines on containers neither refilled nor recycled. Some places succeed with complex garbage separation by householders themselves. New York State law has just made virtually all beverage containers — glass, plastic or metal — subject to compulsory deposits, so that consumers will return them to retailers to pass on to recycling companies.

Yet here in poor little Israel, our manufacturers are rushing to join the throwaway trend, retailers are happily washing their hands of the whole dirty business of bottle return, and collection for recycling is in its infancy (except for waste paper) and left to the goodwill of volunteerism.

If I were king — which is the phrase with which I began this series of articles — I would have insisted on proper arrangements for recycling being made before there was any changeover from returnable to throwaway bottles. Or perhaps I would have forbidden the change altogether.

But I am not king, and nobody asked my opinion anyway.

Morlio Meisels

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

them. Some manufacturers argue that if you add up all the handling costs, it is actually more expensive to use returnables than throwaways.

LUCKILY for the glass industry, PET containers are not economically viable for bottling individual portions of drink — at least not at present.

When it comes to the individual size, the challenger to glass is the aluminium can which is so appealing to men and children, and so convenient for kiosk owners and restaurateurs. The psychological appeal of beer and other drinks in tins has been called a "macho" thing, even Freudian. The very act of popping open the tin and drinking straight from it is supposed to be a thrill. Even children consider it a greater treat to get their favourite drink in a can rather than in a bottle with a straw.

On the other hand, partly empty tins can't be closed properly, any more than can returnable bottles of soft drink and beer, and which are also impossible to reseal hermetically. Phoenicia's proposed new small bottles would have easy-opening screw tops, which could be screwed back on again.

Wald and Linder point out that customers cannot look inside a can to make sure the contents are clean. Then, too, there is a chance the metal will interact with the contents, despite the required interior coating of plastic designed to prevent this. The older the can, the greater the risk of a metallic side-taste. The glass industry charges that many of the foreign tinned drinks, which reach our shores so cheaply are "dumpped" goods which have been rejected in their home countries because they were too old or improperly tinned.

ROUND ONE in the battle against imported tinned soft drinks has already been won. The Ministry of Industry and Trade has finally spoken up to the undesirable competition and has taken stern ad-

ministrative measures to hamper their import, the Phoenicia spokesmen report with satisfaction. But there are still plenty of locally-tinned drinks around, and a lot of local and foreign tinned beer. (Tempu, by the way, has recently begun bottling in glass. Danish "Tuborg" beer which arrives here in bulk.)

Aluminium cans are expensive, especially in Israel. Phoenicia says it will soon be able to offer the beverage industries small throwaway glass bottles for 20 to 30 per cent less than they have to pay for tins. My conversations with soft-drink makers, including Tempo, indicate that they will welcome them.

We are likely to see their mass appearance come spring, the onset of the next high season for the industry. If they result in lowering the price of soft drinks, as well as being easy to handle, they may indeed prove a real competitor to the cans. Any movement toward throwaway glass, however, should logically be coordinated with a concerted effort to collect it for recycling. Otherwise, we are simply raising the demand for raw materials to make more and more new glass, and also increasing the burden on our garbage collection facilities.

Technically, it is possible to manufacture new glass entirely from old, and there are a few plants abroad which do so. Here at Phoenicia's plants, some 30 per cent of the raw material used consists of old glass; the rest is local sand and limestone, and imported soda ash. While the latter represents only 20 per cent of the materials in terms of quantity, it accounts for 80 per cent of their cost. Moreover, Abraham Wald explains, the higher the proportion of broken waste glass (called "cullet") which goes into a batch, the less energy required for

the production of new. So the saving is twofold.

Of the waste glass it uses today, Phoenicia obtains about one-fifth from rejects and scraps from its own production lines, and the rest from outside collection. In large public places, such as hotels and entertainment halls, it has long-standing arrangements for the collection and pickup of empty bottles and jars.

PRIVATE household sources have yet to be tapped, and glass collection for recycling is a trickier business than I had imagined. To be really useful, it requires separation into three colours — clear, green, and brown for only green glass can be produced from an indiscriminate mixture of the three colours. To some extent, Phoenicia can sort out misplaced coloured glass at the plant, but this is quite difficult if bottles are broken.

In underly Switzerland, Germany and even England, people have been trained to deposit their old glass containers in the correct colour bin. Whether that will work here remains to be seen. Pessimists say it will be hard enough to get our public to keep the glass separate from other garbage. There are indications that household collection will begin here in the near future.

People who have looked at Phoenicia's advertisements carefully may have been surprised to see them promoting wine glasses and other glass housewares which are entirely imports today. This is the shape of things to come, Phoenicia tells me. As of early 1984, it will start marketing household glassware made here under licence from a German company.

When it comes to glass bottles and jars, Phoenicia not only supplies virtually all our local needs, but does a thriving export business as well, amounting to some \$9 million a year.

IF COLLECTING household glass seems complicated because of the colour question, it is a snap compared to what I've heard about the